

The TATLER

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London, November 18, 1931

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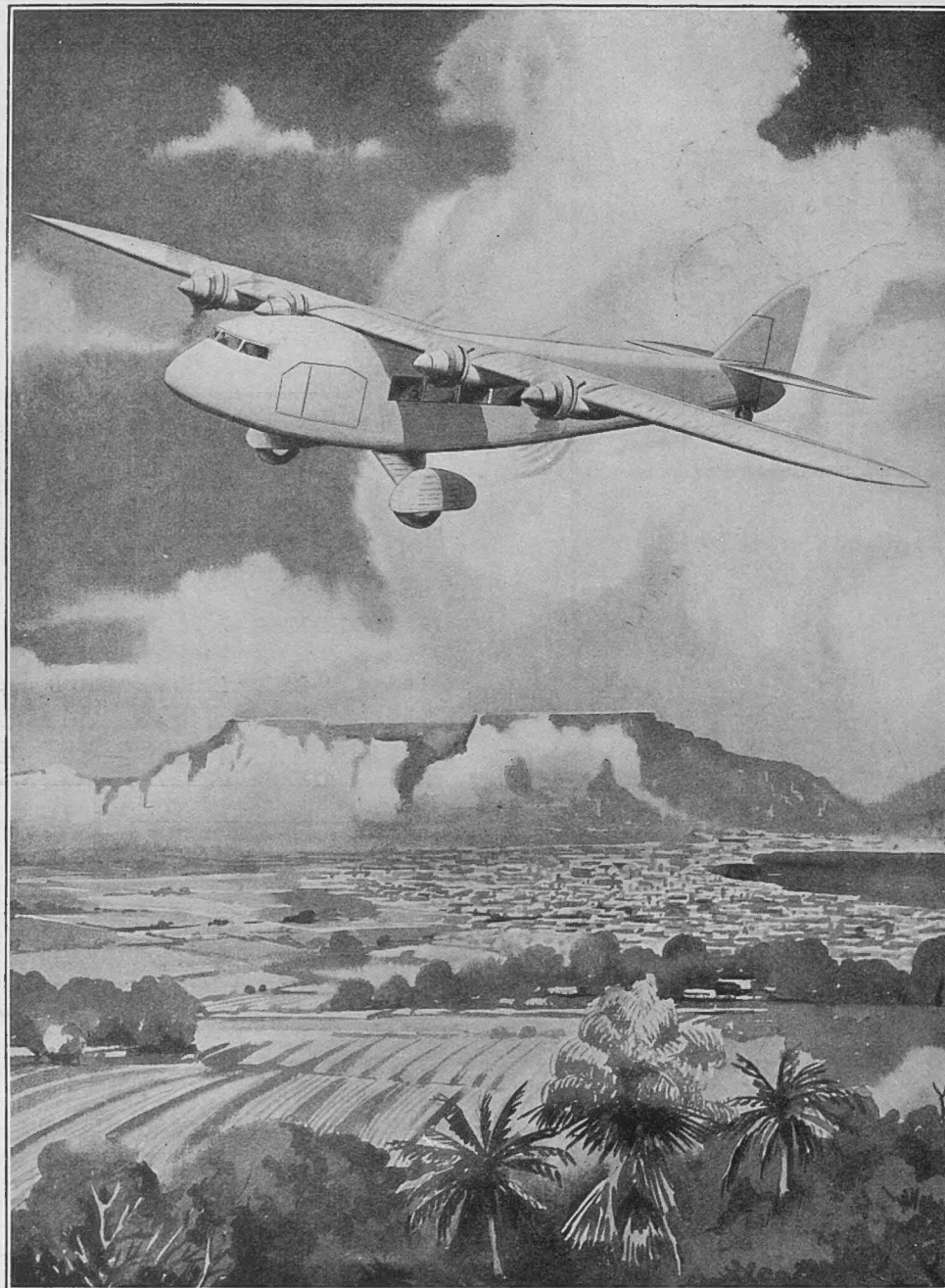
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The TATTLER

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Bertram Park, Dover Street

ENGAGED TO LORD JERSEY: MISS PAT RICHARDS

The engagement was announced quite recently, and the date of the wedding will be so in due course. Miss Pat Richards is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Richards of New South Wales. Her father has a station at Cootamundra, and Mrs. Richards has a town house in Hertford Street. Miss Richards is helping at the St. Andrew's Revel on the 26th at the Café de Paris, and which is organized in aid of the Women's and Babies' Annexe of the Royal Free Hospital. The young Earl of Jersey was born in 1910 and succeeded his father in 1923. His mother is Lady Cynthia Slessor, as in 1925 she married Mr. W. R. Slessor. She was formerly Lady Cynthia Needham, and is a sister of the present Lord Kilmorey



LADY CLERK AS TURANDOT IN ISTAMBUL

Lady Clerk, who is the wife of Sir George Clerk, His Majesty's Ambassador in Turkey, played the lead in the "Heart of Turandot," a dramatic fantasy acted at the British Embassy at Istambul in aid of Turkish benevolent societies. Lady Clerk, who has already gained renown as a painter, has of late developed a remarkable talent as a composer, and has furnished the play with a brilliant score of her own composition. The performance, with a ravishing atmosphere of dream, originality, and taste, took place with the collaboration of a number of people well known in Turkish society

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

WHAT a week of different forms of pageantry. The Lord Mayor's Show started it, and I must say I felt sorry for the poor drowned dears who took part in that; they did look depressed. Then came the Opening of Parliament, the proud homage at the Cenotaph, this year more impressive than ever, I thought, and the unforgettable poignancy of the Festival of Empire at the Albert Hall. It's all been rather wonderful and inspiring.

* * *

Of more mundane happenings there is not much to tell, though I found a good many people at the Embassy when I went there the other night. Miss Rose Bingham, just about our prettiest débutante, was wearing a very grown-up frock of dark blue lace and dancing with Mr. Philip Yorke. His mother sat at a near-by table with her husband, Mr. Percy

The Letters of Eve



LORD AND LADY APSLEY WITH THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) AT DOWN AMPNEY

Lord Apsley's retention of his seat at the recent election was as big a certainty as his not leaving the plate when he is in the wake of hounds. Lady Apsley has not yet fully recovered from the terribly bad fall she had out hunting last season. The family pack, of course, is the other V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's), but on this day Lord Apsley was having a go with Captain Maurice Kingscote, M.F.H. (Cricklade)

Thellusson. I think she is one of the happiest looking people I've ever laid eyes on.

Mr. Ivor Guest, another lucky possessor of a young and attractive mother, was with Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger and Mr. Sidney Beer. You

remember the latter was the owner of Diomedes, but they tell me he has deserted the race-course now and devotes himself entirely to music. He wants to study seriously under that brilliant young conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

Pretty Mrs. Kenelm Lee Guinness was also in the party, and at another table I saw the Wilfrid Egertons. He is still the best dressed man in London, in fact I often think his clothes are endowed with a separate entity of their own. I would never be surprised to see them walk into the Embassy one day by themselves, sit down at the best table, and order and consume a perfectly chosen dinner.

On to the Savoy, where we found Lady Wodehouse, Mrs. Arthur Howard, and the Westminster, the Duchess tremendously regal in a dazzling ermine coat. Mr. Maurice Brett was supping there too with his pretty daughter from whom he is inseparable.



SOME OTHERS WITH THE CRICKLADE AT DOWN AMPNEY

Colonel Brassey, Captain Charles Tremayne, who commanded our International Polo Expedition in 1930, Miss and Mrs. Brassey. Captain Maurice Kingscote, who was for many years Field Master the Beaufort, took on the Mastership of the V.W.H. Cricklade this season and must feel quite strange in a pink coat instead of a blue 'un!

I rather love this time of year; nice and tweedy, with shooting parties in one's fixture list. Though so many shoots are let owing to the hard times, it's reassuring to hear of some of the oldest and best still being carried on in spite of everything.

Studley Royal, which used to belong to the late Lord Ripon and now belongs to the Vyners, is one of these. Mr. Clare Vyner married Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, and as his wife is one of the Duchess of York's closest personal friends it is not surprising that T.R.H. are to be at Studley Royal for the covert shoot this week.

Lord and Lady Doune, Captain Edward Compton and his beautiful wife, and the Humphrey Legges are other members of the house-party, and as the pheasants over Fountains Abbey—surely one of the loveliest stands in the world—are said to fly higher than any in England, the guns are certain of an exhilarating time.

Just heard from Lady Broughton about her forthcoming adventures for which she is busy preparing. One of the most exciting kind, my dear. You know Africa has magnetized a lot of our celebrities during the past few winters. Big game has, as a rule, been the aim, but she is not out for large corpses and heads and things which become the most enormous problems afterwards.

"The gorilla family at home," studio portraits. That is the idea.

Frightfully difficult, naturally, for they are shy and quick to take offence, or rather the offensive. Colonel "Sam" Ashton is the navigator of the trip; he, of course, is well acquainted with African hunting, and has contributed valuable trophies and information to the British

restored to circulation by a benign family; perhaps as a kind of thank-offering for her stepfather's successful entry into Parliament. Lady Tiverton had brought her husband, but I could not see a casual McRae anywhere. Miss Elizabeth Luddington was busy bargaining for a case of champagne, and Captain and Mrs. Christopher Bright's dog did well in a quiet way with the small sausages, which incidentally were much too good for him.

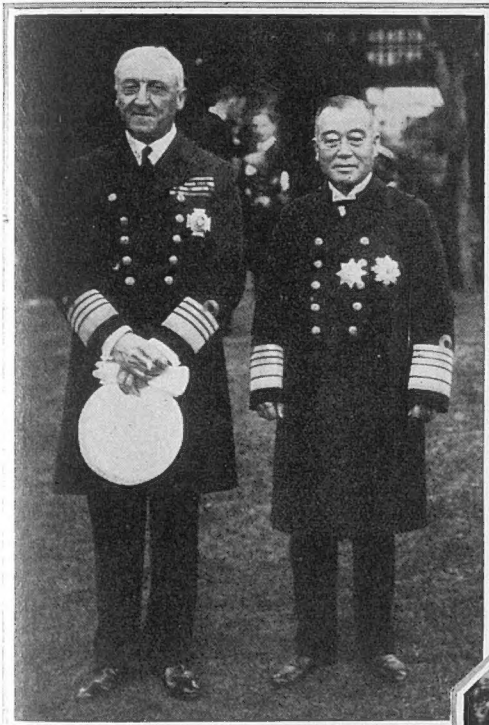
Come to dinner. Sitzmark suit. Skis not required. Such an invitation is



May Wrightson

THE COUNTESS OF CARRICK

The new Earl of Carrick succeeded on the recent death of his father, who was farming in Florida at the time. Lady Carrick is an American and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Donoghue of Philadelphia. Lord Carrick's twin brother, the Hon. Somerset Butler, is in Ralli's in Calcutta, and married the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacomb-Hood



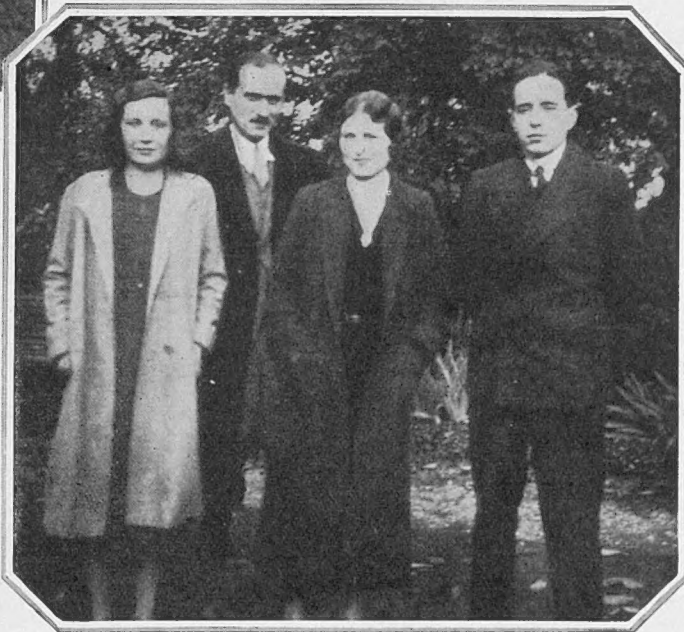
IN JAPAN: ADMIRAL SIR HOWARD KELLY AND ADMIRAL ABO

An interesting snapshot taken during the recent ceremonial visit of the British China Squadron to Japan. Admiral Sir Howard Kelly, C-in-C., has recently been wrecked in the sloop "Petersfield," but all hands were saved in spite of a heavy sea running. Admiral Abo is the Naval Minister of Japan

Museum. This expedition means penetrating into the Belgian Congo. An unfrequented place to say the least of it. But the main part of the journey will be super-civilized, for it will be entirely by air. Later, by car, then when things really get exciting, I suppose on tiptoe.

Cocktail parties have not been very prevalent just lately, but I went to one last week. Lord Selby was there. Evidently he's been to the country in a non-political sense, for he told me he had become quite knowledgeable about farming. Isn't that nice to know?

I was gratified to observe that Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart has at last been



THE MARCHESE MARCONI'S CHILDREN, DON GIULIO AND DONNA DEGNA MARCONI, BARON KURT STUTTERHEIM, AND MISS ELIZABETH AGNEW

The great inventor's children by his first marriage to the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien are now in England, and this group was taken recently at Carshalton. Baron Kurt Stutterheim married the Hon. Sir Gervase and Lady Marjorie Beckett's daughter, Cynthia

quite possible nowadays, but might make any but the really up-to-date wonder "Am I, or is it?" The reason, of course, is the evening session (that word is descriptive if you like) for skiing practice at Lillywhite's.

First position: Half-way through the window with the ends of your skis hanging over Piccadilly Circus. Second position: According to skill. But there is a real live guide straight from St. Moritz to teach Telemarks and such-like. The really dashing spirits can also jump off the small hill provided. Altogether great fun, and lots of people seem to think so.

Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay took kindly to skiing from the first day she tried it in Switzerland, and may now be seen practising that artful manoeuvre, the

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

jump-turn, so simple when properly done. Miss K. Tennant is another very good ski-er who does not scorn the caustic-soda slopes. She has sent for her skis from Switzerland, and has designs on Scotland later in the most patriotic manner. Braemar is to be the winter sports centre, and the hotel there is opening for the purpose.

Are'n't Canadians marvellously hospitable? One always hears the same story from returned travellers: "My dear, a quite *glorious* time. Everyone too kind for words." We have a lot to learn from them, don't you agree?

My train of thought was induced by another letter from Canada telling of various visiting English "cousins." Mr. Vereker goes over every year from his home in Northumberland, and this time his lovely wife went with him and was vastly entertained.

Then the Arthur Trustram Eves have been in Winnipeg. She, you know, was Marguerite Nanton, and her friends found her as fascinating as ever when they flocked to Kilmore, Lady Nanton's house, to welcome her and her husband plus the fine twin sons. Mrs. Hugh Osler gave a large dinner party for the Trustram Eves at the St. Charles' Country Club, and the same evening Miss Eva Powley had an equally gay gathering for the Verekers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Cooper are also in Canada at the moment. He is the newly-appointed Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and has been going the rounds of the company's centres. When they were in Winnipeg they were the cause of a spate of dinner parties, Mr. and Mrs. James Richardson, the Conrad Rileys, and Mrs. D. C. Coleman being just a few of their hosts. Mrs. Ashley-Cooper found the St. Charles Golf Club very much to her liking, and also immensely enjoyed a week-end visit to Mrs. George Allan at Kenora.

A charming product of Germany has lately been imported into Canada in the person of Mrs. James Thornton. She was Fräulein Elena Mumm von Schwartzstein, and is heiress to the Mumm champagne millions and most agreeable to look upon.

I'm told that when Mr. Thornton and his bride were married, Frankfort celebrated the occasion with a terrific festa lasting three days. That was in September. They crossed the Atlantic soon afterwards, and have been spending most of their honeymoon at Jasper Park, an idyllic spot in the Rockies. Ultimately they are to live in North Bay, Ontario. Mr. Thornton has a very important father, Sir Henry Thornton, the President of the Canadian National Railway.

Toronto has said goodbye for the time being to the young David Moffat Dunlaps (they have taken a house in Oxford), but has welcomed back Major and Mrs. John W. Sifton, who are now installed at Armadale, their old family home.

From Victoria, B.C., come good accounts of a fashion parade staged for the benefit of charity by Mrs. Lawrence Genge. "Such frocks, my dear, and such lovely creatures inside them," says my correspondent. Onlookers gave the prize palm to Miss Louise Hayward, but Miss Helen Wilson and her cousin, Kathleen, showed up well too. The former beats most

comers at golf in those parts, and played brilliantly in the British Columbia Championship.

Victoria also reports a visit from Mr. Jackson Dodds, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, and in his honour a large luncheon party was at once organized by the new Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Fordham Johnson.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Robertson to Mr. H. Le M. Stevens-Guille which took place at Swan River, Alberta, recalls romantic family connections with Canada's history and traditions. The bride, who comes from England, is a daughter of Major-General Sir Philip Robertson and a great-great-granddaughter of Captain James Cuthbert who served in the Amherst regiment under Wolfe at the Battle of the Plains. He afterwards settled in the province of Quebec where he purchased the seignior, and the family became famous as the Cuthberts of Berthier. Miss Robertson was married in the same Brussels lace veil which Maria Cuthbert wore at her wedding in Canada 130 years ago. Isn't that rather interesting? That ends my supply of Dominion chat for the moment, but I may get a fresh instalment later.

Punch's. The new idea in eating clubs. And what a good one! You literally pay your money (not much, either) and take your choice. Awfully good food and come-as-you-please clothes. They properly put a punch into it, too, if you like, for this beverage is one of the specialties.

One quick evening glimpse discovered Mr. Eric Hatry, Lady Seafeld and husband, Mrs. Stewart-Brown, Dr. Noel, Mrs. Coatley—extra pretty, and Miss Margot Keen. The latter is a witty and attractive American who works out her own life and that of her friends by numerology. Figures cannot lie, she says, and knows a lot about it.

Overheard at a dinner-party: "Of course one knows *far* too many people; it makes it so difficult to remember their names. Why, only this morning when I was in the Park someone bowed to me from her car, and it wasn't till I got home that I realized that it was the Duchess of Dash."

What other snippets of information have I for you? Oh yes, it seems that Mr. Winston Churchill has not turned out quite so successful a bricklayer as we were led to suppose. At any rate, the house which he built with his own fair hands is

showing unmistakable signs of disintegration.

Then it's rumoured that even Emerald Lady Cunard is feeling the money shortage—perhaps as the result of having gallantly come to the rescue, during the summer, of that splendid venture, the Russian Opera Season.

The engagement of Lady Veronica Blackwood and Mr. Anthony Hornby must have broken all speed records if it's true that they only met for the first time three weeks ago.

Lord Dumfries' party at Heatherden Club, complete with bagpipes, seems to have been rather stirring. I'm told that Mr. Ian Campbell primed the piper to change his Stewart tune and play "The Campbells are Coming" for two hours. But one mustn't believe everything one hears, must one?—Yours, EVE.

A Correction.

Under a photograph of Lady Melchett which appeared in last week's issue, it was erroneously stated that the Chairman of Imperial Chemicals is Lord Melchett. This office is held by Sir Harry McGowan, Lord Melchett being a director.



MISS EILEEN JOEL

The late Mr. "Solly" Joel's daughter whose marriage to Mr. John Rogerson takes place quietly to-day (November 18). Mr. Rogerson's bride rides particularly well and has competed with success in the Newmarket Town Plate, a race which was established by Charles II. Her brother, Mr. D. J. B. Joel, was returned as Conservative Member for Dudley at the General Election

AT THE IVORY CROSS MATINÉE

MISS PAMELA WELLESLEY AND
MISS BETTY SHAUGHNESSYH.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND, THE MARCHIONESS OF
SALISBURY, AND SOME OTHERSTHE USHERETTES: MISS LEONORA BARING, LADY DAPHNE FINCH-HATTON, MISS VICTORIA
FISHER-ROWE, MISS HERMIONE CASSEL, AND MISS MARGARET VESEYLADY PLUNKET AND THE HON. PAT
PLUNKET

H.R.H. the Duke of York, who is the President of the Ivory Cross Society, attended the special matinée at the London Hippodrome last week held in support of the National Dental Aid Fund. The neatness of "Ivory" Cross will be at once apparent. The Society does excellent work and ought to be supported by all who have had, or may be about to have, anything to do with those kindly gentlemen who never mean to hurt us, but of whom even the bravest are terribly afraid. The only people who can be brave when they visit a dental parlour are those who have had all their teeth out, and therefore can dare the operator to do his worst. The National Dental Aid Fund places the dental parlour within the reach of all, and this cheery matinée at the Hippodrome, let us hope, put a bit of heart and ginger into anyone who is about to avail him or herself of the conveniences which it places at their disposal. The Duchess of Portland was chairman of the matinée, and Lady Plunket, whose talents are well known, danced. The star turn, however, was an original ballet of children who were dressed to represent teeth, dog, molar, incisor, and so forth—a terribly good idea.

The Cinema : Up to the Public By JAMES AGATE

IT will be extremely interesting to see whether the public generally takes to *The Guardsman* at the Empire. This is the film version of the play by Molnar, one of the most persistent Hungarians there are, and perhaps one of the most obstinate fellows in the world. Or perhaps it is that other people are persistent and obstinate on his behalf. Molnar's reputation is great in Hungary and great in America, though this country has so far never taken any great liking to him. In the new film he has an admirable chance, perhaps too admirable since this is an entertainment for the sophisticated. First about the plot. Mr. Alford Lunt and Miss Lynn Fontanne play the parts of an actor and an actress. It is to be imagined that the actor is a very good one since he persists in bringing the stage into his private life, whereas the modern fashion is for the actor to put his own life upon the stage and exhibit all those ways of pouring out coffee, "selecting" a cigarette, welcoming a chance acquaintance, and taking leave—all those precious little nothings which so endear him to the habitués of our most modish theatrical restaurant, the one which Miss Margaret Kennedy in her latest novel has called the Acorn. I have often wondered, by the way, how the amiable proprietor manages to divide his restaurant so exactly into sheep and goats, the gay and giddy goats of the theatrical profession, and the non-professional sheep who come to graze, and grazing, watch. How awkward it would be if the goats assembled in such number that there were no tables left for the sheep, and how awkward if the sheep so thronged the place that the goats were crowded out! In fact this did happen upon one occasion, for I remember one day putting in my nose, surveying the crowded room, and asking if there was anybody there. "No, saire," replied the proprietor, "only trash!" But M. Cain is a world diplomatist, and the calamity does not often happen. Talking of calamities, does everybody know that the Acorn's proprietor, whose one idea is "to preserve atmosphere," is a first-rate mountaineer, and only a few weeks ago did battle for four-hours-and-a-half against a blizzard when within a hundred yards of the top of the Monte Rosa, thereby getting as much "atmosphere" as he wanted? On this occasion M. Cain appears to have been in danger of drifting from Italy into Switzerland or vice versa, and talking of drifting...

As I was saying, Mr. Lunt is at the head of his profession, while Miss Fontanne, as the actress, is equally eminent in hers. I regret very much I cannot give the names of the characters as a programme eluded me. The actress in this film has not been retarded in her rise to eminence by a number of lovers which the husband computes at seven, but which his friends put as high as nine, finally offering to compromise upon eight. This the husband rejects, holding that whereas seven is a reasonable number, eight is an insult to wifely decorum. Ultimately they agree that the point is an abstract one since it concerns only the past. The future is the difficulty, and it is an imminent future, since Mr. Lunt knows the signs. The actress has taken to playing Chopin in the gloaming and even to shedding tears about nothing in particular which, says Mr. Lunt, indicates the military. Mr. Lunt is not so much jealous as in an ecstasy of uncertainty

as to whether he has reason for jealousy or not. Which suggests that Molnar wrote his play after a re-reading of Maupassant's "L'Inutile Beauté." He realizes that the actress is stirred not so much by any particular knight but by the whole order of knight-hood—the military fetish, in a word. So he arranges to impersonate a guardsman who shall make love to his wife and thus settle his husbandly jealousy one way or the other. He repairs to the theatre and returns in a wonderful make-up compounded of Othello, Czecho-Slovakian colonel, Bashi-Bazouk, and something out of *The Arabian Nights*, who looks about 8 ft. tall and talks polyglot nonsense of the wildest description. All that follows is the most delicious comedy. To vanquish his lady the husband must employ all the artifices of seduction, which includes biting her on the shoulder with that peculiar blend of passion and reverence which marks your true Oriental. To this the lady coyly objects, whereby Mr. Lunt as husband is rejoiced, though as lover he must simulate dejection. Nothing will induce the lady to submit to any production, in the Euclidean sense, of this line of advance. But he may like to know that she will be at the Opera that night! In her box at the Opera she declines further advances but obviously does not object to her admirer following her home for the purposes of apology. She will not admit him but, on the other hand, throws her latch-key out of the window. I have told the story clumsily if the reader has not perceived that, whereas every repulse forces Mr. Lunt to redouble his ardours, every advance throws him into increasing despair. All that follows belongs to pure romance, including that improbability with which old Dumas "got away" on the plea that at night all cats are grey. It is necessary to say that the husband is supposed to have gone to Omsk or Pftz to play Hamlet to some inquiring Czechs. Next day comes the scene of embittered reproaches, brandishing of scimitars, and what Oriental not. Morality is served by the lady lying outrageously and saying that she recognized her hubbykins all along. It is no reproach to this film that to tell the story of it in cold print is to make a dull business of it. Watching it in the cinema one is conscious that here is the wit of incident as well as of dialogue, though the latter is superior to anything in talkies that I can recall at the moment. Both dialogue and action are the complement to one another, and both are served by two artists of much greater talent than is normally afforded by silent sunburn and blonde nitwittery. Mr. Lunt must be one of the best film actors living, since one feels that he could play Othello as well as this amiable travesty, and play it well. Miss Fontanne is an artist to her finger-tips, full of resource and variety. I can imagine that this film in the hands of less talented persons would be utterly dull. Watching it the other afternoon in the Metro-Goldwyn private theatre it seemed to me to give a definite reply to those who say that the talkies cannot be an art. But the much more important point remains to be decided. Is this art too sophisticated for the average British film-goer? The Metro-Goldwyn Company, taking their courage in both hands, have decided that it is not, and I wish them the greatest possible luck in the experiment. It is now up to the public.



LILLIAN ROTH—A PARAMOUNT PLAYER

One of the many attractive people who appear in the numerous productions placed on the celluloid by the Paramount Pictures, one of Hollywood's biggest factories. Miss Roth is in one of the new films which have not yet been given a title, and in the immediate past has been a success in "The Vagabond King" and "The Love Parade"



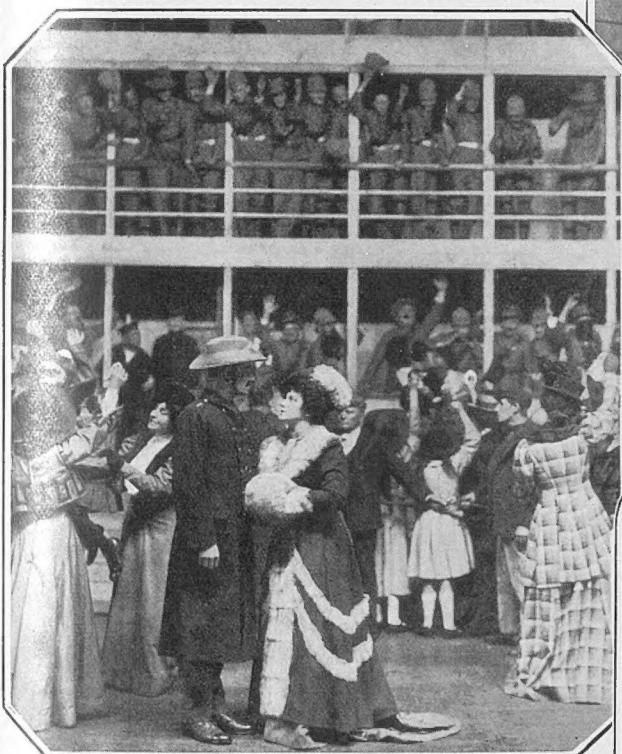
"AN EDWARDIAN RECEPTION":
A SCENE IN
MAY, 1903

"CAVALCADE" AT OLD DRURY

NOEL COWARD'S
GREATEST



HOW THEY WENT TO THE SEASIDE IN 1910



OFF TO TABLE BAY, 1900 (BOER WAR): JANE AND
ROBERT MARRIOTT (MISS MARY CLARE AND
MR. EDWARD SINCLAIR)

Everything else quite apart : Mr. Noel Coward's genius for producing and the conception of this pageant of our Empire—the big outstanding thing—is this author's almost uncanny prescience in having it ready for production at a moment in the history of this great nation such as is the present one. It is impossible to witness the great production without emotion. It reaches its real climax on the first Armistice night in London when the broken-hearted mother (Miss Mary Clare), who has lost both her sons killed in action, rises superior to her sorrow, borne up by the pride of having given two who have died in their country's cause. The key-note inspiring this particular scene is surely "Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori," and Mr. Noel Coward will never do anything greater than this. It has done more than a great many other things to close the ranks of our nation with a snap



A 1930 NIGHT CLUB
"FANNY" (BINNIE
BARNES) SINGING
"THE 20TH
CENTURY BLUES"

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

Parties and Politics : By PETER PINDAR

THE Englishman believes that he governs himself, which is one of his many illusions. As a matter of fact he has only the choice between two, or at the most three, and all of them politicians. If we were to judge what he wants by the recent election, we should say that he wants a government very much of the right. The new House of Commons is overwhelmingly Conservative, robustly National, and strongly Protectionist. But the Prime Minister is not exactly any of these things, nor for that matter are a good many of his colleagues. If the offices of State had gone in the ratio of party strength the Conservatives would have had almost a monopoly of the Government, and the National Socialists would have had one-half or one-third of a single minister. As it is, the proportions are: Conservatives, 11 Ministers, 471 members; Simonite Liberals, 2 Ministers, 35 members; Samuelite Liberals, 3 Ministers, 33 members; National Socialists, 4 Ministers, 14 members.

The result is that we have a Government not of the right, but of what might be called the left centre. It was inevitable that Mr. MacDonald should retain Mr. Thomas at the office of the Dominions, but rather less inevitable that Sir William Jowitt, whom the electors rejected, should still be Attorney-General. I never could quite believe that so ardently pugnacious a soul as Mr. Snowden's would withdraw itself altogether from the scene, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Snowden remains in the Government. Thus Mr. MacDonald has a strong little bodyguard of his own colleagues, and Socialism is stronger in the Government than it is in the House of Commons. The Liberals, too, have had much more than their quota. Sir Herbert Samuel, after his narrow escape from the onslaught of Captain Graham at Darwen, is still at the Home Office. After all that has happened it would be a testimony to the thickness of his skin if he found himself at home in the Cabinet. I am not referring to his Conservative colleagues altogether, who certainly have learnt by experience to be accommodating; there is an old feud between him and that section of Liberalism represented by Sir John Simon and Mr. Walter Runciman.

However, it is as true now as when Dryden wrote it, that "Politicians neither love nor hate," and on the other hand Mr. Runciman shares the Home Secretary's dislike of Protection. How far these views are modified by new conditions we shall presently see. Sir Herbert Samuel indeed went into the National combination boasting that he remained, and would remain, the unsullied vestal virgin of Free Trade. The cynical Gibbon testified to the difficulty found by ancient Rome in finding six Vestals to guard the Sacred Fire; modern England has at the most found only four to guard the Altar of Cobdenism, and of these two are by reputation a little spotted. Mr. Runciman admitted in the last Parliament and during the late election that circumstances alter cases, though he hastened to add that he preferred the austere course of total prohibition to any illicit indulgence in the system of tariffs. Sir John Simon went further and demonstrated that to maintain the balance of trade and save the country from bankruptcy tariffs might be found necessary. If the Home Secretary is deserted by these two will he be supported by Mr. Snowden? Or will he have to say like the proverbial juryman, "Eleven more obstinate men I never came across." These are secrets of the prison house which may never be divulged. What is obvious is that Mr. MacDonald has made a balancing arrangement.

There are, of course, two key positions on this question of tariffs; one is the Board of Trade, which, as we have seen, has gone to a quondam Free Trader and the other the Treasury, which has been transferred from the stubborn hands of Mr. Snowden to the keeping of Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Now Mr. Chamberlain is probably the strongest man on the Conservative side. Whatever we may think of the De-rating Act, he showed in the conduct of that measure through the House powers of exposition of a high order and his father's fine talent for the handling of statistics. He showed no less courage than ability in his handling of "Poplarism." He is a little colder in temperament, rather less genial in style, with less of wit and magnetism than his great father; but he is none the less a man whom other men trust, and he is known to be devoted to his father's policy of Imperial preference and protection. He is not, I take it, in the least likely to let that cause down.

Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Runciman are both good men, each holding strongly to his own point of view, but both, I should

think, with enough of wisdom and reason to make an accommodation if compromise is at all possible. I hope some way will be found, and there is a good deal of reason in the view that the middle way is usually the best way, although it is not, at first sight, easy to see what middle way exists in the opposites of Free Trade and Protection. It would be a world of pities if it came to a split, and if the Free Traders are wise they will admit that the issue was really settled, in principle at all events, at the General Election. It is, of course, not really a departmental fight but a Cabinet matter, and if all concerned honestly accept the majority verdict and loyally work it out the Government may come through unbroken. But it is going to be a difficult business.

The shrewd eye of Mr. Winston Churchill has already seen its possibilities, and he does not intend to make it any easier for the camel to go through the eye of the needle. The Government, in Mr. Churchill's mind, have committed a worse offence than leaving open the door to dumped goods; they have closed the door to Mr. Churchill, and he is not the man to allow them to forget it. There is no politician alive who knows better how to keep on ringing a bell and handling a knocker, and he stands at the ministerial door as the champion of Protection in the hope that the weight of the Conservative Party will help him to crash it. It is, when we come to think of it, a rather audacious rôle, even for a Churchill, since it was he who banged, barred, and bolted the door against even a single peppercorn from the Dominions, and again it was he who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Baldwin's last administration, removed the preferential duty on tea. Still, these things will be forgotten in a popular cause, and Mr. Churchill will be a formidable ally of Sir Henry Page Croft. There are, by the way, a good many Conservatives who think that the Member for Bournemouth is much more deserving of a seat in this Government than the Member for Epping; he may not be so able, but he is staunch, he is consistent, he has never wavered in the fight, and he enjoys the confidence of the Conservative Party.

The difficulty of Cabinet-making is, of course, that however many drawers and niches there are in it, there are never enough to hold a really complete collection. There is always some Toby jug or Chelsea figure left outside, and then, of course, there is apt to be trouble. Mr. Amery, for example, is one of the little statuettes for which no corner has been found, and as it happens, most of these omissions concern what is called the right wing of the Conservative Party. Mr. Baldwin leans to the left, he has his friends among that side of the party, he is rather out of touch with the typical Conservative. It may be their fault or it may be his fault, or it may be nobody's fault and everybody's misfortune; but it remains true that he is not on familiar terms with the stalwarts of his own side. Possibly, if he had been, there would have been no National Government. He would certainly have found it less easy to arrange a *modus vivendi* with Mr. MacDonald and still less with Sir Herbert Samuel.

These things may work out for the best, but in the meantime the effect is seen in a certain estrangement between the Government and a large body of its supporters on the tariff question. For the present the ordinary man will admit it as reasonable that the Cabinet should have time, as the Prime Minister put it, to diagnose the disease before attempting the cure; but as time goes on this difference might easily develop into a division. Let us hope that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Runciman, the two men who really count in this division, will be able to reach common ground and so avoid the biggest danger that lies ahead of the Government.

The other danger, as I suggested last week, lies in India. There, again, Mr. Baldwin finds it easier to agree with Mr. MacDonald than with his own party. The Round Table Conference has come to a deadlock. It is notorious that the Indian Princes have fallen out on the question of Federation. It is public property that the Muhammadans and the Hindus can come to no agreement on the question of representation. Sooner or later the Government will have to choose between defending the friends of this country and placating its enemies. Sir Samuel Hoare is said to be developing a back-bone, which is no doubt strengthened by the presence of Sir John Simon in the Cabinet. But there is still a danger of a compromise which would displease both sides in India even if it would preserve the unity of the Government at home. These two questions, then, of India and tariffs are the Scylla and Charybdis of the Government. The best hope of safety lies in steering a straight course.



MAJOR FLEETWOOD-HESKETH'S SHOOT AT STOCKEN HALL, NEAR OAKHAM

Bale

A group taken during the luncheon interval. Sitting—Mrs. Blackburn, Vice-Admiral A. V. Campbell, Miss G. V. McPherson, Major Fleetwood-Hesketh, Mrs. Gordon, and Colonel H. M. Hardcastle; standing—Colonel N. D. H. Campbell, Mr. F. Goddard-Jackson, Mrs. Moore, Captain T. Moore, Mr. F. C. B. Fleetwood-Hesketh, Mr. J. H. Bibby, Mr. J. Sturgess, and Major Blackburn. Major Fleetwood-Hesketh is a son of the late Mr. John Bibby. He took the name of Hesketh by Royal Licence on succeeding his grandmother, and later, by further Royal Licence, the additional name of Fleetwood

SNAPSHOTS IN SEASON



Arthur Owen

LADY BROWNLOW AT HOME

The library at Belton House, near Grantham, was the setting for this snapshot of Lord Brownlow's pretty and charming wife. Lord and Lady Brownlow have a three-year-old daughter and a son who will be two in March. When he was christened, a silver cistern presented by the nation to his ancestor, Sir John Cust, Speaker of the House of Commons in King George III's reign, was used as a font. It was an amusing idea to photograph Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell basking in the reflected glory of her famous husband's face, though history does not relate what is the normal use of the "screen" on which his shadow is projected. The picture was taken during their recent tour of Bavaria



SHADOWED BY HER HUSBAND: MRS. SACHEVERELL SITWELL

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The Dockland Settlement.

SECRETLY I always hope that if the conventional picture of Heaven be anything like the reality, Heaven will only be an interlude. Prolonged beyond the haven of rest and of reunion it would surely become unendurable. I cannot imagine any state of bliss to be entirely blissful unless it embraces all those elements which alone make for happiness, real happiness, upon this earth. Especially the happiness of building up something worth while, the happiness of being helpful. Really, we yearn to meet those we love face to face rather than to meet God; though in that love God *is*—He can be nowhere else. He can never be visible, nor is there any need that He should be. Nevertheless He is to be found wherever there is beauty, wherever there is courage, wherever there are kindness and charity and love, wherever there are nobility and unselfishness and self-sacrifice. And it is not necessary to reach Heaven to find any of these, His attributes. The world is full of them, and we can discover the reality of God in our lives quite as effectively as by dying. I must confess that I have scant admiration for those who shut themselves away from the world of men and of temptation and of suffering in order so to prepare themselves for the life to come that can never be anything but the shadow of a spot upon their copy-books, since never once have they dared to open them. I am convinced that you have got to do the best you can to build Heaven on this earth if you are to be found worthy to inherit Heaven hereafter. And anyone can help to build this Heaven, and thank God most people do; not all the time, perhaps, but here and there as they journey onward and upward. I have just been reading the "Autobiography of Reginald Kennedy-Cox" (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), and if you would ask me what I consider true religion ought to be I would point to the Dockland Settlement, of which Kennedy-Cox was the founder. And this book is the story of his life-work, a story as full of humanity and humour (that eighth virtue, if ever there be one) as it is full of that kind of achievement without which no religion is worthy of its name and, indeed, is no religion at all. For the Dockland Settlement has brought into the dark, poverty-stricken lives of the East End poor a healthfulness and a happiness which no mere fasting and prayer could possibly have achieved, if they alone are considered to be pleasing in God's sight. It is not sufficient surely to believe in God. You have got to make Him *real*; not by haggling over dogma and trying to save your own paltry little soul, but

by making the world as beautiful and as happy as it is in your power to achieve in however small a way. It is more inspiring to read this story, of how some years before the War a young man set out to give the poor of the East End of London those things which should belong to every human birthright, than to read a whole library of sermons. For boys' clubs, recreation grounds, swimming baths, habitable cottages, health, laughter, and happiness are



MISS MURIEL HINE

The well-known author, whose new book, "Wild Rye" (John Lane) is a period novel of late Victorian and early Edwardian days. Miss Muriel Hine (Mrs. Coxon) belongs to Chelsea's intelligentsia, and has a delightful house in Queen Elm Square



THE HON. MRS. BRYAN GUINNESS

With her second son, Walter Desmond, who was ten weeks old on November 8. His christening took place recently at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the church where his parents were married. The Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness was formerly the Hon. Diana Freeman-Mitford

the very finest prayers in all the world, and this is the achievement which Dockland Settlement has accomplished. The story of how all these things came about is as thrilling as anything I have read for a long time. So amusing too. Too long have good works been associated with long faces. Here is the very best kind of good work, and it has been accomplished by naught but courage and irrepressible good humour. The splendid result everybody knows. The War, alas! intervened before the real work of the Dockland Settlement had been laid, but the high spirit which first inspired the scheme followed its founder to the battlefields. Some of the funniest stories in the book concern the War. It was afterwards, however, that his work in the East End of London began to take permanent shape. The building of the lovely little chapel, the founding of clubs for boys and girls, for older men and women, the destruction of fetid slum dwellings, and the erection of homes fit for decent people to live in—all these things have been accomplished. And as an example of with how little pomposity the wonderful story is told, let me quote the author's description of their first religious ceremony in their first little corrugated-iron chapel: "The vestments arrived in due season, but they were of a kind which could be worn chiefly by laymen, such as 'dalmatics and tunics.' Even to this day I don't know the real difference between these! Banners were added—we already had a processional cross. Unfortunately there were so few people to carry them. I refused to be roped in. I was much more useful handling the crowd of sightseers near the door who had no intention of coming in. I shall always remember the first solemn procession on November 6. On the whole the procession went very well—what there was of it—but the processional hymn was very long and the church being very short they had to keep on going in and going out again, rather like a cuckoo clock; each time they went out they circled round the water butt. I, of course, began to suffer from my infernal giggles. Unfortunately, on this occasion, comedy soon passed to tragedy. Mercer headed the procession in the dalmatic (or the tunic?) and Mercer was no friend of old Tom Wilson, who was believed to be an unrepentant 'Prot.' Tom had been busy with the bell, but now he had time to take stock of the scene in which he had not been called to play an active part. Mercer advanced up the aisle, and having to squeeze round the font met dear old Tom face to face. There was a strained pause, then my horrified ears heard Tom audibly sum up the whole procession: 'Garn, yer a day too late!' We had forgotten November 5." Finally, there is another scene among the many beautiful memories of a wonderfully interesting and readable book—the scene when the poor blind beggar and the old woman who went round with him selling bootlaces, timidly advanced to the door of the little church and as timidly advanced towards the altar to take communion one Christmas Day many years ago.

(Continued on p. 272)

OH LAW!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Counsel: Excuse me, madam, but do you know anything about the law between husband and wife?
Witness: Yes, I do—what is it you want to know?

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Almost a Huge Success.

If only the Countess of Longford had enjoyed herself less by drawing situations and more by drawing character, her novel, "Making Conversation" (Leonard Stein. 7s. 6d.), would have been much more amusing than it is. Still, it is a delightful entertainment—in parts. Her heroine, Martha Freke, commands our sympathy and understanding from the start. She is one of those unfortunate people who either talk too little or, talking too much, invariably say the wrong thing. It is a common form of shyness and one of the most deadly to endure. Unhappily, for our joy, Martha too seldom lives up to her reputation. Consequently, she becomes too often a mere puppet upon which to hang funny situations and witty remarks, rather than a real character whose *faux pas* are the only *pas* which count. In fact, she lives only one vital moment, and that is on the first page. "Here's a little present for you, Ellen," she cries, giving the young cook-general a brooch constructed of the word Ellen in bright gold with full stop complete. "Isn't it lovely? Yes, it's real gold, too, and they were making them up in any name!" adding, alas! "and only sixpence each!"—thus turning what might have been a "presentation" into a "bazaar relic." Hereafter, poor Martha follows Lady Longford's entertainment, rather than provides it. However, the fun, although somewhat a collection of "spare parts," so to speak, is excellent value. Martha as a schoolgirl grappling in glorious ignorance with the unlikely school-subject of the Seventh Commandment. Martha being expelled from this same school for saying that one of the girls had committed adultery with a "local demon," when she didn't really mean adultery, and the "local demon" was a "locum tenens"! Best of all, Martha at Oxford. Especially Martha yearning to encourage sex-appeal in a young man's heart, yet, in her, a last-ditch-effort to keep the conversation merrily rolling, being, nevertheless, unable to come off the subjects of the Higher Criticism and Kubla Khan, dope and De Quincey, when she yearned to exchange sweet nothings. Again she was sent down for sleeping out one night, and again, alas! the man refused to be roused, until, when at last he did come up to the He-man standard, it was only to order two separate rooms at the hotel. Martha's Oxford movements, however, are very funny. But Lady Longford might have made much more entertainment out of Martha's mother's boarding-house, where students of all nationalities and a variety of opposing "diets" were made to feel that Mrs. Freke's house was indeed a home-from-home, though none of them at any moment regarded it in that light. We leave Martha in Czecho-Slovakia, where she has gone to teach English and where she has received an offer of marriage from a Serb. One can only hope that this is not the last we shall see of her, because Lady Longford has in Martha a heroine who, developed along the lines of character, would provide a personality in fiction as superbly amusing as, invariably, Jean Cadell's British spinsters are upon the stage.

The Story of a Dog.

"Flax, Police Dog" (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.), by Svend Fleuron, is totally unlike any dog story I have ever read. And yet it is triumphantly "doggy." There is nothing, for example, of the "lap" about Svend Fleuron's canine hero. Indeed, he is the kind of dog which would likely send all "Fido" worshippers flying for their lives. Also he is the kind of dog which would encourage

immediate neighbours to band themselves together to take a walk to the nearest police station. He was fierce, he was noisy, in most ways he was untamed. And yet, as I wrote above, he remains triumphantly "dog," which is another way of saying that he was lovable and a pal such as few human beings are to one another. Unfortunately, poor Flax never had a real human chance. He was brought up in the beginning by a man who only wanted him to bark at strangers at the end of a length of chain. Then he became a police dog, but was so enthusiastic in his more terrifying pursuits that he could not be kept under control. He went to other "masters," but he was not long enough with them to become their friend. His fierceness in attack was an embarrassment rather than an appeal. And yet, beneath it all, he was a one-man dog; only, alas! he never found the one man. From pillar to post he went, untamed because nobody had taken the trouble really to love him. Until, thrown out of the port-hole of a coal boat and left to drown, he manages at last to find in a barrack square the kind of men who understood his type. But by that time poor Flax was an old dog. His bite was more or less harmless, even though his spirit was still as brave. And this story of his chequered career is a story which every real dog-lover will revel in, always providing that at the same time he does not necessarily associate dogs with laps. The book is illustrated by Mr. Cecil Aldin, which of course is the same as saying that the illustrations are ideally in tune with the subject. Indeed, the portrait of poor Flax on the outside cover is a perfect character-study in itself. In it you see the latent savagery, the haunted sadness, the for-one-and-for-one-only fidelity of an Alsatian dog whom nobody loves—*except one man*. Let me add, as a post-script, that the story of Flax has been admirably translated from the Danish by E. Gee Nash.

An Uncommon Novel.

Joanna Cannan, calling her new novel "Ithuriel's Hour" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), has taken as her subject that one supreme test in each man's life which shows of what stuff he is made beneath the apparent degradation or the equally superficial veneer. The "hour" strikes near the summit of one of the more remote mountains of Northern India. A party of mountaineers, not too well assorted spiritually, discover in the loneliness of the snow-clad mountains and in their own proximity to one another the things which divide them, either to love or to hate. It leads one man to sacrifice his life for a friend; it leads another to murder. The decent man dies; the murderer returns home to be fêted, to achieve fame, to marry the wife of the man he killed. The only witness of his crime was his own son. But the world disbelieves the youth. His statements were merely part of that mental hallucination due to a high altitude. The death of two men was the result of pure accident. That is what the murderer declares; that is what the world believes. Villainy is not punished in this story. Nor in real life would the result be different. The bombastic bluffer, who is also rich, can get away with many a dirty deed which less important men would have to suffer for. Miss Cannan has certainly written a very uncommon novel. She conveys the ill-assortment of this mountaineering party admirably. Her characters live. It is a story which grips you from the beginning. It has about it that unusual quality in both plot and background which in these days of apparent mass-production in novels is a tremendous relief. Read it.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR PHILIP SASSOON, BART., M.P.

By Autori

Sir Philip Sassoon, the new Under-Secretary for Air, ever since Eton and Christ Church days can be said to have lived a very active and very full public existence. During the War he was Private Secretary to the late F.-M. Lord Haig. He first became Conservative Member for the Hythe Division of Kent in 1912, sat for it all through the intervening years, and in this most recent election came back with the bumping majority of 16,669 over the Socialist aspirant, who polled only 3608



THE STORY
OF THE
"LITTLE
CATHARINE"
OF
RUSSIA
AS TOLD
BY ALFRED
SAVOIR

MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH

After a trial of its wings in Glasgow the Savoir play, "Little Catharine"—known to history as Catharine II—and "The Great" of Russia—opens at the Phoenix Theatre to-day (November 18) with Miss Marie Tempest playing the part of the Empress Elizabeth, who was a daughter of Peter the Great and Catharine I of Russia. It was Elizabeth who assisted Maria Theresa in the war of the Austrian Succession and also opposed Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War. Miss Madeleine Carroll makes a beautiful picture of the tempestuous and extremely amorous Empress, who eventually married the Tsar Peter III. That good actor, Mr. Harold Huth, is an equally excellent Peter

Photographs by Sashu



CATHARINE (MISS MADELEINE CARROLL), PETER (MR. HAROLD HUTH)

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES



THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S (THE BELVOIR) ON THEIR CRANWELL DAY

Hounds crossing the Cranwell Aerodrome when they moved off to their first draw. Scent has served none too well anywhere of late, but the recent rain is making things much better, and as everyone seems determined not to let Melancholy mark them for her own—all goes as well as can be hoped under the circumstances

From Leicestershire

I have told you of Kirby Gate and our bending-cum-obstacle races among the wheels of every form of motor conveyance. For one I enjoyed it! To think that a large industrial town like Leicester has a holiday for the opening meet of the Quorn hounds in these days gives me courage to laugh at the pessimists who tell me that hunting is on its last legs.

Tuesday was a real rough day with the Cottesmore at Langham, but in spite of Jorrocks having said: "Take not out your 'ounds on a werry windy day," a lot of sport was shown by the brilliant Cottesmore bitches. If you take Orton Park as your axis and draw circles in every direction you will have some idea of what happened. The chief amusement was the flapper on the woolly pony holding up quite a number of the field by flying over some large rails with a yawner on the take-off side.

Friday was more than depressing until at 2.30 several of our most hardy charmers were threatening to go home; especially the lady who, we feel, is coveting the Pope's mantle, at least so we imagine by the size of her mounts! However, it never does to despair. On what appeared a scentless day hounds suddenly found a smelly fox, and the race from Botany Bay to Loddington Redditch was worth any waiting for. Here we met the Fernie, who said they had had a nine-mile point; so the Quorn correspondent, whoever he may be, put down our enjoyable scurry at seven. Let's be truthful and call the first six and the last a bare three-and-a-half.

From the Fernie

The village of Peatling Magna woke to find its one and only street packed with cars, horse-boxes, and hunters, plus later on the Fernie hounds. It was our opening day. As we moved off to Charlie's Gorse horses and riders were of a cheerful mood, and when four foxes were found in the Gorse hearts beat fast. The day's hunt, however, came from an Ashby fox, who led us over an unusual line bordering on Atherstone domain. A merry little burst to Willoughby Waterless happened before scent failed. Some of the dauntless took on the obstacles, that Limerick performer and point-to-point rider, Miss Irvine, being well in the van. Lady Zia Wernher and her family were all out; also the long-leave Etonians. Our friend from Kentucky was in great form, and five-barred gates were no stopper to him. There was a good muster

at King's Norton on Thursday. The depredations of outlying foxes called for extinction, therefore hounds spent the day rounding up the wrong-doers. A brace fell to the pack after some good research work around Gaulby. The ladies of the hunt were well represented. Mrs. "Bill" Massey was on a good-looking chestnut; Lady Willoughby, astride, came over from the Cottesmore; Miss Deane, Mrs. "Tommy" McDougal and "Mary," upon whose engagement to Mr. Younger of the 7th our congratulations; besides some strangers. Mrs. Pelly, on foot on this day, was always with 'em, and must have covered miles of country.

From the Beaufort

With the Indian summer (practically since the Beaufort Polo Club closed down towards the end of September) sport has been quite good, and a "very" record bag to date—120 odd brace—has certainly gone a long way to help our Joint M.F.H.'s to economize—with a lot of oatmeal! Tom holds the laurels for this next-mentioned hunt, and we think it constitutes a record, for thanks to the Alderton poultry-fed foxes it resulted in 5½ brace. Oh, what a happy morning!

The annual general meeting of subscribers was very well attended, and our gallant chairman, Sir Audley, can be complimented on the way he carried the meeting. Our secretaries' salaries have naturally had to suffer, but still, they don't do too badly, and have perhaps a few less second horses. We heartily endorse our chairman's remarks with regard to our late F.M. He will indeed be greatly missed, and we are delighted to hear that the V.W.H. have already benefited by our loss. Few new-comers have appeared, but Foxley Manor has been let for a term of years; and Captain Melville has bought Maidford House and intends to hunt from there. Mrs. Glen Kidston has taken Bridge House also for a number of years.

Since October 27 Beaufortshire, to say the least of it, at last has raised a smile, thanks to the gallant victory of Lord Apsley, who throughout his campaign was nobly supported by his wife, who did great work in her car canvassing from house to house in Bristol Central. We must also congratulate Victor and our member for Thornbury, but we were most distressed to hear the latter lost his seat in the Sodbury Vale so soon after the election.

(Continued on p. iv)



WITH THE COTTESMORE: MR. HILTON GREEN, M.F.H., AND LADY MANTON

On the day the Cottesmore opened the season with a fixture at Tilton. Mr. Hilton Green, whose first season as Master it is, hunts hounds himself. He is one of the best amateurs in all England. Lord and Lady Manton have forsaken Warwickshire this season for Leicestershire

As the Camera Sees Her

Lady Juliet
Duff: a new
Photograph

It would be almost impossible for Lady Juliet Duff to pass in a crowd without being noticed, for she is exceedingly tall and distinguished looking, with lovely eyes and finely chiselled features. The only daughter of the 4th Lord Lonsdale and a niece of the present peer, Lady Juliet is the mother of Sir Michael Duff-Ashton-Smith, and frequently does hostess for him at his place near Bangor. She also has a house in Belgrave Square, and is a leading figure in London's musically intelligent set

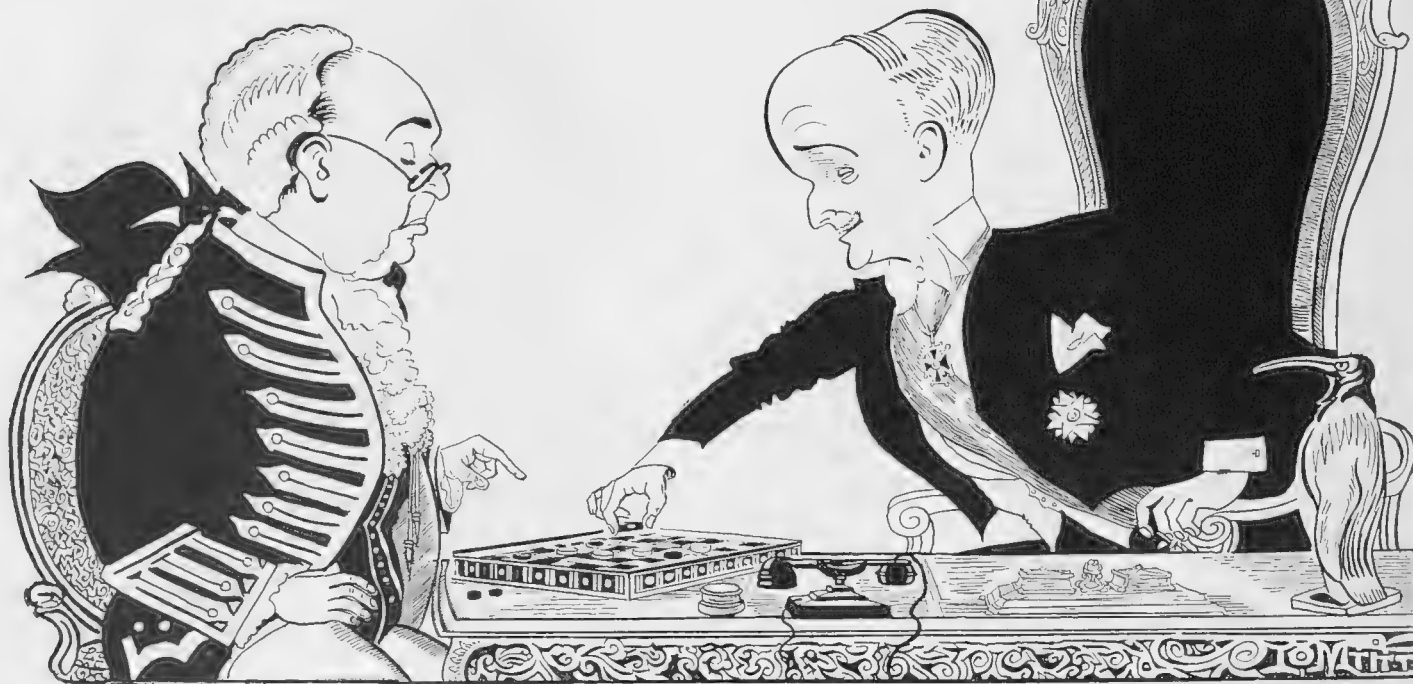


Photograph by
Cecil Beaton

LADY JULIET DUFF

THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Queen's Husband" at the Ambassadors' Theatre



"MY MOVE I THINK!"

King Eric VIII (Mr. Barry Jones) emulates another Sovereign who, however, preferred the fiddle to draughts, and has a hectic contest with his confidential footman (Mr. Lambert Larking) while his capital is burning quite merrily

If Mr. Bernard Shaw hadn't written *The Applecart*, and Mr. Robert E. Sherwood hadn't written *The Road to Rome* one's critical binoculars might have been differently focussed on the pleasant after-dinner piece with which two enterprising actors, Messrs. Maurice Colbourne and Barry Jones, have tried their managerial luck at the Ambassadors, and it seems, backed a winner.

The Queen's Husband is a light Ruritanian comedy about one of those minor kings who make jokes about the rows of medals on their uniforms, shake their heads resignedly over the fate which makes them puppets, and surprise everybody by rising to the occasion with a display of diplomatic guile before which booming politicians turn empty away. This theme of the whimsical little nonentity who is not such a boob as he pretends to be is "good theatre," and always will be. If the simpleton commands a crown and sceptre, so much the better. All the world loves a uniform, and the private lives of royalty are nectar to the public thirst.

Mr. Shaw's bewilderingly brilliant political satire, relieved by an occasional hearty whack of the slap-stick which he has carried up his sleeve since time immemorial, stands on a pedestal of its own. Mr. Sherwood opens the palace doors with a very different key and invites no intellectual comparisons. The two kings happen to have certain tastes and mannerisms in common and both are beset by political troubles. Nevertheless it would be fair to say that the similarity of theme and surroundings takes a little of the gilt off Mr. Sherwood's regal gingerbread.

THE KING'S OWN

Major Blent (Mr. Guy Summers) commands the Palace Guard and his Monarch's confidence

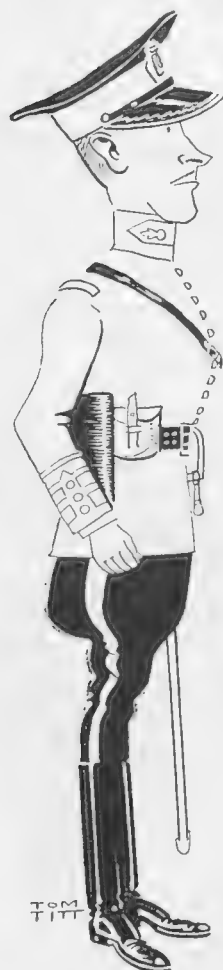
pitch which few sequels could hope to attain. *The Road to Rome* came to us from America and was saluted by the critics as the wittiest comedy seen in London for many a day. It was. It had spice and novelty. The dialogue sparkled. *The Queen's Husband* is a very pleasant and amusing entertainment, but it did not give me that cocktail feeling which came from the spectacle of Hannibal and his contemporaries conversing in the snappy idiom of twentieth-century New York.

As played by Mr. Barry Jones, King Eric the Eighth is a lovable little man, modest, retiring, whimsical, and blessed with an engaging sense of humour; which is another way of saying that Mr. Jones, possessing all these qualities, is one of those unobtrusive actors who can conquer you with a mere smile. Eric's kingdom is an island in the North Sea, somewhere between Denmark and Scotland. As kings go, Eric seems likely to go quickly. The country is mightily upheaved and revolution is imminent. Parliament is controlled by a tyrannical General with a fierce Kaiser Wilhelm moustache. The general also controls the army and the navy. The people clamour angrily for a General Election, looking to a democratic premier to remove their oppressive burdens and feed the starving poor. The General's policy is to force the populace into a free fight, blow them and the poorer quarters of the capital to smithereens with the gnus of the Fleet, and blossom out during the conflagration as Dictator with full military and political powers.

Revolutions are not among King Eric's hobbies.

THE KING'S WIFE

A description of Queen Martha (Miss Grace Lane) which her spouse would be the first to contradict





THE OLD GANG

The belligerent General (Mr. Reginald Bach) lights up the revolution in a blaze of dictatorship and does the same to the King's best cigars. The Foreign Secretary (Mr. Claude Haviland-Burke) displays more tact

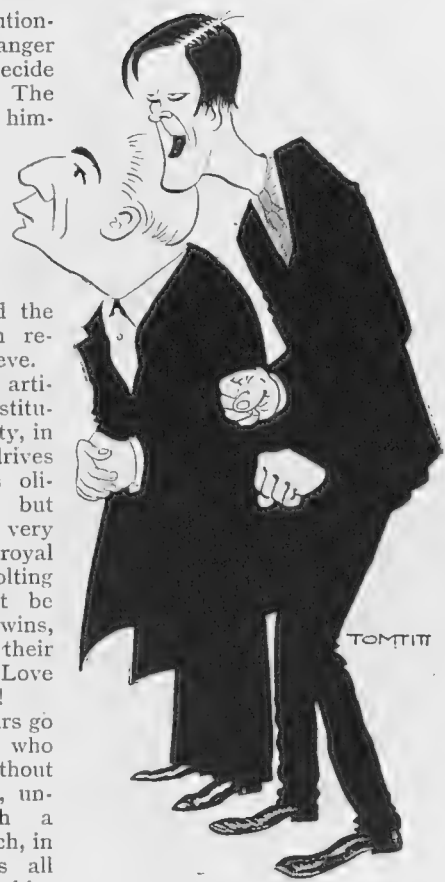
the window and clap their hands with delight as the revolutionaries capture the general's artillery and gain ground. A shell drops through the floor of the Queen's bedroom and covers the floor with masonry. The General arrives, bellowing like an angry mastodon, helps himself to a royal corona, and behaves as if the crown and sceptre were already his. Eric puts him in his place with quiet sarcasm and begins to show signs of budding dignity and power.

Anne, officially betrothed to a wealthy but dissolute princeling with a mistress, is clandestinely in love with the King's secretary, whose father is a wholesale plumber but otherwise an important citizen. She weeps, sulks, and storms at being sacrificed to provide a diplomatic triumph and at least two male heirs to the throne. The King guesses Anne's secret and arranges for an elopement under the noses of the

He prefers to collect little china penguins and play a quiet game of draughts with one of the royal flunkies. His consort, Queen Martha, is the real power behind the throne. But this stern paragon of duty is half-way to America on a financial mission to raise more money for the fighting services when the revolution suddenly bursts into flame. The rattle of machine-guns inconveniently disturbs the game of draughts just when His Majesty has, for once, a chance of making up for past defeats. The King and his daughter, the Princess Anne, stand at

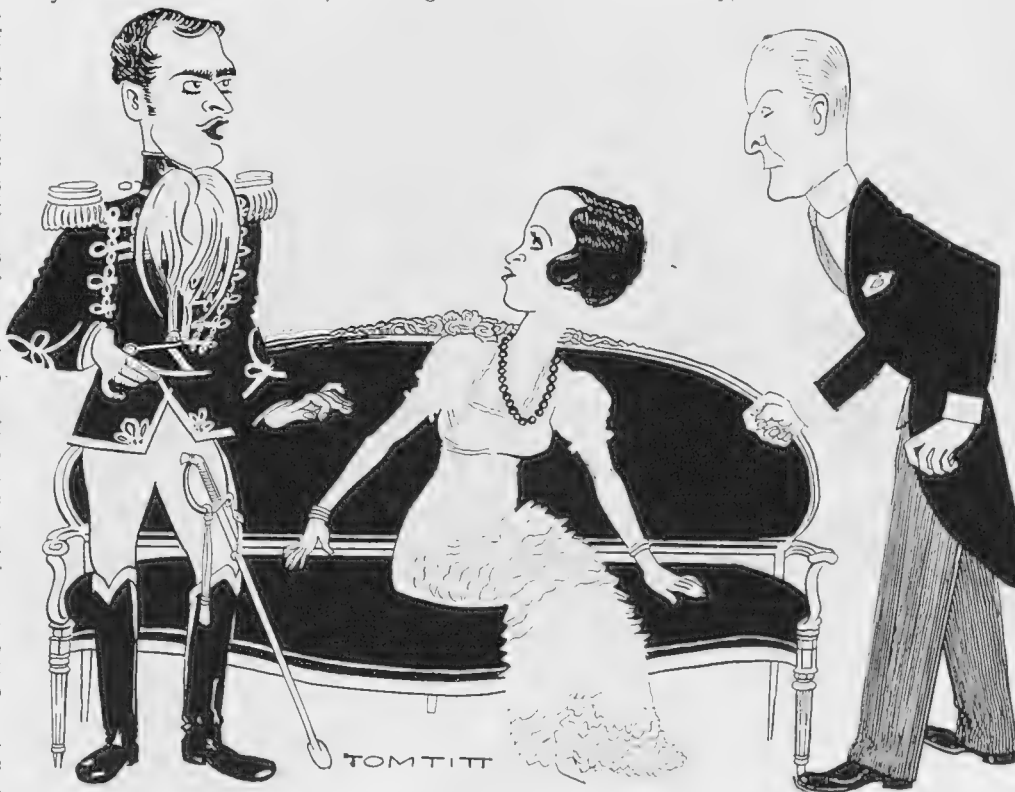
General and the revolutionaries. But when danger threatens the pair decide to face the music. The King, still comporting himself like a shy school-boy, first stops the naval guns and then persuades the Labour leader, by a gentleman's agreement, to sue for an armistice. The fighting stops and the weapon of abdication remains up the royal sleeve. By what combined artifice of bluff and constitutional guile His Majesty, in the last Act, not only drives the General and his oligarchs from office, but snatches Anne in the very nick of time from a royal wedding and a revolting bridegroom, shall not be divulged. The king wins, the people are rid of their oppressors, and Young Love triumphs. Vive le roi!

Chief acting honours go to Mr. Barry Jones, who establishes himself without demur as a delightful, unassuming actor with a charming manner which, in the old phrase, wins all hearts. The part fits him like a glove, and vice versa. Miss Grace Lane is a right-down, regular, royal queen, and looks superb in full regalia. The hint of feeling when she recalls the eve of her own wedding and her smiling acceptance of the king's successful bluff are cleverly sketched. Mr. Lambert Larking as the draught-playing flunkey, Mr. Robert Mawdesley as the secretary, Mr. Claude Haviland-Burke as the pompous foreign secretary, and Mr. Guy Summers as a patriotic major, improve the shining hour. Mr. Maurice Colbourne, the producer, presents Prince William of Greck as a mannered poseur of foppish mien and halting speech, and scores neatly. As the belligerent general Mr. Reginald Bach scowls and blusters with tremendous gusto. Mr. Paul Gill's Labour leader, in the sartorial manner of Abraham Lincoln, is convincingly sane and earnest; Miss Barbara Wilcox sulks prettily as the Princess; and Mr. Stafford Hilliard engagingly suggests that Anarchists are quite nice fellows. A very pleasant evening.



DESPERATE DEMOCRATS

The Labour leader (Mr. Paul Gill) and the Anarchist (Mr. Stafford Hilliard) take a hand in the King's game of bluff



ON THE EVE OF THE ROYAL WEDDING

The odious Prince William (Mr. Maurice Colbourne) suggests a convenient solution to the impasse. The Princess (Miss Barbara Wilcox) and her secretary-lover (Mr. Robert Mawdesley) are not amused

"TRINCULO."

ALL THE FUN OF THE FREE STATE



PRESIDENT COSGRAVE GOES RACING:
A SNAPSHOT AT LEOPARDSTOWN



WITH THE MEATH: THE MARQUIS AND MARQUISE DE GUADALMINA
AND M. VALERY-OLLIVER AT LARACOR CROSS ROADS



THE MISSES KENNEDY AND THE HON.
GERALD WELLESLEY AT LEOPARDSTOWN



ALSO AT LEOPARDSTOWN: MR. B. BARRY
AND LORD AND LADY HEMPHILL



AT A MEATH FIXTURE: CAPTAIN
AND MRS. ROBERT FANSHAWE

The Leopardstown November Meeting, with which the flat-racing season in Ireland finishes, had excellent social support. The notabilities present included that fine patriot, Mr. Cosgrave, whose handling of the present difficult situation in the Free State has proved him once again to be not only a strong man but a very brave one. The Misses Kennedy are sisters-in-law of the Hon. Gerald Wellesley, and daughters of the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, who bred The Tetrarch and other famous horses. Miss Maeve Kennedy (seen on the right) is to marry Mr. George Robinson in January. Lord Hemphill has a place in Co. Galway. His wife, formerly Miss Spears, is an American. The Marquis de Guadalmina and his wife and M. Valery-Olliver are visitors from France who have been enjoying good sport with the Meath. In their own country they hunt with the Pau Foxhounds. Captain Fanshawe, son of Lieut.-General Sir Edward Fanshawe, married Miss Viola Ismay, the late Mr. James Ismay's daughter last year. He is now on leave from his regiment, the 16,5th Lancers, and he and his wife are making the most of it by hunting with the Meath.

WITH SOME OF THE FOX-CATCHERS



THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM HUNT CROSSING KNEPP BRIDGE AFTER OPENING THE SEASON AT KNEPP CASTLE



AT KNEPP CASTLE: PRINCESS SYBILLA OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA, THE GRAND DUCHESS KIRIA OF RUSSIA, AND THE HON. MRS. BURRELL

THE WYLVE VALLEY: CAPTAIN AND MRS. PARKS, M.F.H.

OTHERS AT KNEPP: LADY MASSEREENE, LADY MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE, MRS. AND MISS BLEW-JONES AND CAPTAIN GRANT

The Crawley and Horsham, who opened their season, by invitation of Sir Merrik Burrell, at Knepp Castle, are undoubtedly an older foundation than friend Baily gives them credit for being. They date back to 1840, when they were known as the Horsham and Crawley, and even before 1830 some hounds known as the Merstham were hunting, at any rate, a part of this country under Colonel Jolliffe. The present Master, Lieut.-Colonel R. W. McKergow, has been connected with them either as Joint with Colonel Godman or Master since 1913, and has made a tremendous success of it, and is one of the many who see that it is more than ever necessary to keep the flag flying at the present moment. The other two Crawley and Horsham pictures are of various guests at Knepp for the opening meet. Little Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine is Lord Rosslyn's daughter, and the Hon. Mrs. Walter Burrell is Sir Merrik Burrell's daughter-in-law and was formerly the Hon. Judith Denman. The Wylve Valley snapshot was taken on their opening day at Codford. Mrs. Parks took on the mastership this year and her husband hunts hounds for her



MLLE. JACQUELINE DELUBEC

Lorette, Paris

The charming young actress who made a great hit in Jacques Deval's play, "Etienne," and who is now appearing opposite Sacha Guitry in his one-act comedy, "Villa à Vendre," which is an item of the present Guitry-Printemps production—a new show at the Madeleine Theatre after the manner of the "Chauve-Souris"

TRÈS CHER,—A programme of six little plays forms a delightful play-bill, somewhat in the manner of *La Chauve-Souris*, at the Madeleine Theatre, where Yvonne Printemps and Sacha Guitry are now appearing. These playlets are divided by musical interludes composed and conducted by Louis Beydts, the young composer of *Moineau* that was given with great success in Paris last year, and who is proving himself to be a notable successor to André Messager. To Louis Beydts also is due the music of the operetta that closes the programme, and that Yvonne Printemps sings and dances—for she has learned to shake a leg with all the supple precision of a Tiller girl—with her customary charm of voice and manner. The eclecticism of this production is illustrative of Sacha Guitry's amazing diversity both as play-wright and actor. In *Villa à Vendre*, with which the programme opens, he is a surly young husband who is teased by his wife into viewing a villa for sale that he has no intention of buying. While she is upstairs with the owner of the house another would-be buyer appears and mistakes the waiting husband for the owner. The price offered by the new-comer, who only desires the land the villa is built on, is greatly superior to the one demanded by the rightful proprietor. The deal is amusingly put through by Sacha, who gets rid of the purchaser before his wife and the owner reappear. He then, much to his wife's dismay, for she no longer cares for the house after having seen the bedrooms, buys the place (lock, stock, and barrel) that in reality he has already re-sold. This is a most farcical little comedy that Sacha, Gaby Benda, and pretty Jacqueline Delubec play to perfection.

Chagrin d'Amour is a pretext—to quote Sacha, who is the author of this delightful *marivaudage*—to stage the meeting of Jean Schwarzendorf and Sophie Arnould (Yvonne Printemps), the latter being a famous operatic charmer of the seventeenth century celebrated for her beauty and wit, while Jean Schwarzendorf is the young German musician who became known to posterity as Marenetti the composer of "Chagrin d'Amour" that Yvonne sings exquisitely. Sacha plays the rôle of Florian, Sophie Arnould's lover, and the author of the words of the famous song.

Monsieur Prudhomme a-t-il vécu? a two-act "episode" in the life of Henri Monnier, also by Sacha, shows us Yvonne in the rôle of Monnier's discontented wife, and Sacha

Priscilla in Paris

in the part of the clever satirist of *les mœurs bourgeois* with whom Sacha must surely feel great kinship as writer, dramatist, caricaturist, and actor. Henri Monnier's dry, cynical humour noted by the playwright, Guitry, and portrayed by the actor, Sacha, is doubly entertaining. These two acts serve as prologue to a hitherto unknown play by Henri Monnier, *La Femme du Condamné*, which was written in 1831. A grim little drama that, had it been from the pen of one of the young Realists of to-day, probably would have been howled off the stage. The condemned man's wife, a woman of the people, visits her husband in the condemned cell. In the same breath she nags him, whines over him, and demands the whereabouts of his watch and his best coat; she strips the socks from his feet and departs, after having exhorted him to "die like a man so as to show a good example to his son who'll be there to see," grumbling as she does so because the execution is set for a market morning and will, therefore, make her late with her shopping!

I cannot recall any Grand Guignol play of greater horror than this cruel and vivid little act. It left an abominable taste-in-the-mouth that only Yvonne's above-mentioned delightful singing, acting, and dancing in Louis Beydts' musical comedy were able to remove. This long programme began at nine o'clock and was over by midnight, thanks to the happy innovation of only one interval during the whole evening. How we blessed Sacha for this since, usually, whenever he plays anywhere, the intervals are almost longer than the acts of the play itself.

I was so overjoyed by this pleasant surprise that I allowed myself to be dragged off to supper . . . a rare occurrence in my life; not that I object to night food, but I do object to the atmosphere of night clubs, and supper in Paris (as in most other big towns) usually means the round of those haunts labelled, *Où l'on s'amuse*. The Madeleine Theatre is equi-distant between Montmartre and Montparnasse, so we tossed for it, and Parnassus won. The Southern Cross was so crowded that we had to be content with a stand-up drink with a foot on the rail; so we hot-cheled along the boulevard to the Blue Train, but there the crowd was even worse. Next stop: Dinah's. I hadn't seen Dinah since last year when she was the joy (and the fortune) of the Blue Angel, and it was pleasant to find her *dans ses meubles*, performing "on her own" at last—under the adoring gaze of her drummer spouse. . . . Here there was more space, but, writing of space, I am at the end of mine, so . . . with love, T.C.—PRISCILLA.



MADAME BERTHE BOVY

The celebrated actress of the Comédie Française, who has just accomplished the remarkable feat of holding the bill the whole evening with three plays so utterly different that it is amazing how one woman could play them all. First she appears in Renard's "Poil de Carotte" as a twelve-year-old urchin; then as a broken-hearted cast-off mistress in Jean Cocteau's marvellous one-act monologue, "La Voix Humaine," when the whole rôle is spoken down the telephone to an invisible partner (her lover), and lastly in the French version of Barrie's, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals"



"FINALE"

A Study by Peter North

THE CAMERA IN CANADA AND AT HOME



HONEYMOONING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Mr. James Thornton, son of Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railways, and his charming German bride, formerly Miss Elena Mumm von Schwartzstein, at Jasper Park Lodge. They were married at Frankfort-on-Main in September and left for Canada almost immediately. The snapshot below was taken at Lord and Lady Forres' riverside home near Denham. Their children are the Hons. Jean, John, and Angus Williamson. Lord Forres succeeded his father last month. His wife is the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort's niece



STAYING WITH LORD AND LADY CARLISLE AT NAWORTH CASTLE

Arthur Owen

In the back row are Miss Ena Grossmith and Mr. Montague Lambert (fourth from left), who kept their recent marriage a secret until some days after it had taken place. Others at the back are Mr. J. Sholto-Douglas, Mr. H. Brooke, Mrs. Bodily, and Mr. J. Lowther. Front row—Lady Elizabeth Howard, the Hon. Margaret Ruthven, Lady Carlisle, the Hon. Mrs. John Barran, and Lady Carolyn Howard. Mr. George Grossmith's daughter is shortly to play the lead in "Paulette," a new musical comedy. Mr. Lambert acts, too, and is also concerned with the law



THE NEW LORD AND LADY FORRES



AT A REUNION OF EX-SCOTS GUARDSMEN IN GLASGOW

Left to right: In front—The Rev. P. Gillison (chaplain), Sir John Samuel, Colonel Dalrymple-Hamilton of Bargany, Lieut.-Colonel E. C. T. Warner, and Brig.-General Sir Norman Orr-Ewing of Cardross. Behind—Lord Inverclyde, Mr. R. J. Heddenorck, Captain J. Brown, Mr. Douglas Gourlay, Mr. Ian Galbraith, Mr. C. Hugh Ross, and Corporal McKnight

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Dinner set for six people 65/6. Fine china coffee set 31/-

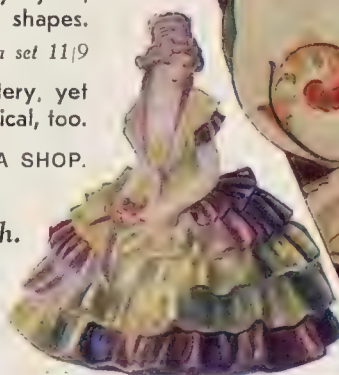
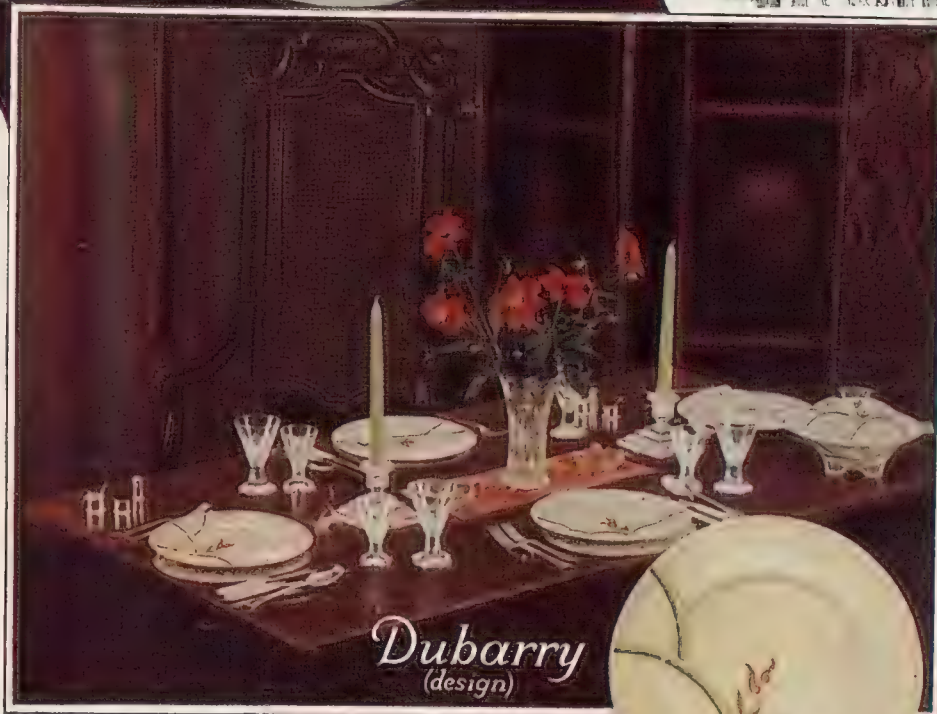
SYREN (at bottom) tempts that tricksey jade, Appetite, by its vivid colours and quaint shapes.

Early morning or Occasional tea set 11/9

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(design)



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CERNE

By Lionel

The field sportsman is not seldom a true lover of the beauties of Nature, and it is peculiarly fitting—indeed it is a principal secret of landscape painter with a sensitive and appreciative eye for the English landscape. This picture of Cerne Abbas is an example of a likeness—the Rev. E. A. Milne, who retired last season, after thirty years' Mastership of that pack. "Parson Milne" will live in fo been well known in the Cattistock country, and



BBAS

s, R.I.

sal appeal—that Mr. Lionel Edwards, *facile princeps* in the portrayal of the life and movement of the chase, should be a fine of the Dorset countryside. The scene is in the country of the Cattistock Hounds, and in the foreground is seen—an admirable history as one of the most famous of amateur hunters. His successor is Mr. A. Henry Higginson, M.F.H., who has long on shared the Mastership with Mr. Milne



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A LITTLE GALLERY OF THREE



LADY BROUGHTON

Yevonde



LADY
BROUGHAM
AND VAUX

Yevonde



MISS ELIZABETH HARRISON

Dorothy Wilding

Lady Broughton, of whom this is the latest portrait, is the wife of Major Sir Henry Delves Broughton, who used to be in the Irish Guards, and whose colours are very well known under both sets of rules. Lady Broughton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boscawen of Trevalyn Hall, Rossett, North Wales. Lady Brougham and Vaux, whose marriage took place in April of this year, is the daughter of the Hon. Edward and Mrs. French, and her father is the younger son of the famous General, and a brother of the present Lord Ypres. Miss Elizabeth Harrison, whose engagement to Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington, 16/5 Lancers, has just been announced, is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. J. S. Harrison. The bridegroom-elect is the son and heir of Sir Thomas and Lady Kathleen Pilkington, and is a very well-known polo No. 1. One of his sisters is Mrs. Gordon Foster, the wife of the very popular Joint

Master of that good pack of hounds, the Sinnington

A NORTHERN SHOOT AND TWO IRISH HUNTS



THE KILLOCHAN CASTLE HOUSE PARTY AT THE RECENT SHOOT

J. Miller

A group of the guns and guests, not forgetting the gun dogs, at the recent covert shoot at Killochan Castle, Girvan, Ayrshire. The people in the picture include Captain J. D. Heneage, Lieut.-Commander and the Hon. Mrs. Hughes-Onslow, Lord and Lady Crofton's daughter, and her husband is a kinsman of the Earl of Onslow, Captain Fiennes, Captain and Mrs. G. J. Heneage, Captain Walker, Captain and Mrs. Hoskyns, Miss Clementi-Smith, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Fred Shaw-Kennedy and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Heneage



O'Brien

HUNTING WITH TWO FAMOUS IRISH PACKS

WITH THE UNITED AT BALLYNOE

Miss Peggy Rohan, whose father, the late Mr. Jerry Rohan, was Master of these hounds 1922-23, Mrs. Wellesley-Wesley (wife of the Joint Master) and James and Dermot, her two children, are in front, Miss St. George, and Mr. Stanley Clarke, who is in the 4th Hussars



O'Brien

WITH THE LIMERICK AT ADARE MANOR

A group when they met at Lord Dunraven's house, in which the names, left to right, are : Lady Dunraven, Mrs. Gerald Griffin, Mr. T. D. Atkinson, Lord Atkinson's brother, Lord Monteagle, whose seat is also in Limerick, and Colonel Ponsonby



E. O. Hoppé, Cromwell Place, S.W.

THE HEROINE OF THE CARNIVAL FILM:

MISS DOROTHY BOUCHIER

The overwhelming success scored by this young actress in the big film now showing at the Tivoli in the Strand has set the whole town talking, and Miss Bouchier is now hailed, quite justly, as the most gifted young woman on the British films. A good many of us think that this may be an under-statement of the case. The film has been dealt with on the page devoted to that sort of thing in this paper so that there is no necessity whatever to recapitulate that which is already well known. "Carnival" was first of all a play with Mr. Matheson Lang playing the same part as he does in the film



Bubble & Squeak

THE cautious player had been in for nearly half an hour without scoring a run, and the fielders were beginning to get annoyed. His gentle play at last grew so pronounced that they closed within a few feet of him, waiting eagerly for the catch.

The light began to fail. It was essential that his wicket, which was the last, should fall before the time came to draw stumps. Closer and closer came the fielders, until there was barely room for the batsman to raise his bat.

Suddenly a thin, piping voice was heard from amongst the spectators.

"Look out, Bill," it said; "take care you don't get your pocket picked."

* * *

A youth had just been appointed to a post in the tax offices of a country town. One day a farmer rushed into the office, proclaiming that he had been wrongly charged 10s. for keeping a goat.

The youth insisted it was correct, remarking that it was in the rules, at the same time pointing out the clause to the irate farmer: "For all property found and abutting on the highways, 2s. 6d. per ft."

* * *

Bobby was playing in the sea and his mother was watching him with anxious eyes from her deck chair.

"Don't go too far out, darling," she called out.

"Can't I go out to where daddy is?" asked the boy.

"No, dear. Your father is insured."

* * *

They were unpacking for a camping week-end, and the wife came upon an unopened bottle of whisky.

"George," she said, "what's the meaning of this?"

George looked nonplussed, and then he rallied.

"That's all right, my dear. I brought it along to stick a candle in when it's empty."



MISS KAY HAMMOND

Yevonde

The latest portrait of a clever young lady who is very well known both on the stage and the screen, and has been in some pictures which have been showing recently in London. Miss Hammond is a daughter of Lady Standing



MISS BRIDGET LEATHAM

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Leatham of Misarden, Virginia Water. Mr. Leatham is a former big-game shot and the author of the very interesting book, "Sport in Five Continents." He also played cricket for Gloucestershire under W. G. Grace

At a meeting of the committee governing a local foot-ball cup competition objection was made to any of the officials making the draw for the next round. After heated discussion it was decided to co-opt a disinterested person to conduct the draw. An old man was asked to officiate, and the names of the teams were placed in a hat and mixed up.

The old man prepared to draw out the first of the teams, and the meeting became very quiet—tradition holding that the first team out of the hat was in most cases victorious.

He unfolded the tiny scrap of paper and astounded the eager listeners by saying: "Six-and-seven-eighths."

* * *

Jones was hard up. He'd come up North on business and found himself stranded. So he put through a trunk call to Smith.

"Hello!" he asked. "Is that Smith?"

"Yes."

"I say, old man, I'm in a fix. I'm stranded up here without any money. Can you wire me a fiver?"

"Sorry, Jones, I can't hear you."

"I say I'm stranded up here—no cash. Can you wire me a fiver?"

"Can't catch a word. Say it again."

"I—tell—you—I'm—stranded—up—here—without—any—money. Can—you—wire—me—a—f-i-v-e-r?"

At this stage the operator chipped in.

"There is nothing wrong with the line," came the verdict. "I can hear the caller distinctly."

"Oh, can you?" said Smith. "Then you lend him the blooming fiver."

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S LIPSTICK ENSEMBLE

and the NEW AUTUMN COLOURS by Rodier



Flowers fascinate by their eternal variety . . . Woman's beauty too can vary! She can wear colours she never wore before . . . !
 . . . ELIZABETH ARDEN

RODIER says: "I have found the perfect blue!"

WOMAN says: "I too love blue!"

ELIZABETH ARDEN says: "So do I . . . especially when it is worn by a woman with dark brown hair. For it permits me to colour her face with Dry Viola Rouge dusted with Lysetta Powder. Viola Lipstick enhances the beauty of this combination. And with Bleu Ciel Eye Sha-Do and Blue Mascara tipped with black on her lashes, all the warmth of her glance is heightened. Now she is lovely!"

RODIER loves Flame colour. It expresses the fire in a woman's heart

WOMAN says: "I should like to wear it, but I have not enough colour"

ELIZABETH ARDEN triumphs now as never. Flame colour moves her to inspiration. She says: "Don't let your need of colour stand in the way of smartness. If you are Medium Blonde my Medium Amoretta Rouge combined with Printemps Lipstick will give you all the colour you want. Use Rachael Powder, dab bronze Eye Sha-Do on your lids, brush Dark Brown Mascara on your lashes, and there you are . . . glorious and radiant"

RODIER says: "My new Green is a change from the eternal obvious shades"

WOMAN says: "I shouldn't dare to wear it. It would make me look ghastly"

ELIZABETH ARDEN says: "No flower over looks ghastly set against that green. And if you have reddish hair you will look ravishing in it. Use Blush Rose Rouge and Mat Foncé Powder. Then with your lips touched with Chariot Lipstick, with a shadow of Vert Mousse around your eyes, and with Green . . . yes Green! . . . Mascara on your lashes, you will look like a human flower"

RODIER says: "I have pulled a Plum out of my colour pie!"

WOMAN says: "Charming . . . but so difficult to wear!"

ELIZABETH ARDEN says: "Difficult? Why, it is the perfect background for a white-haired woman! Use American Beauty Rouge, Lysetta Powder, and my enchanting new Coquette Lipstick. Shade your eyes with Bronze Eye Sha-Do, darken your lashes with Dark Brown Cosmetique, and Plum will become a youthful frame for the loveliness of your face"

LIPSTICKS OF THE ENSEMBLE
CHARIOT (Lacquer red case)... Rich flame... Good with costumes of green, woodsy brown, black and flame colour.

PRINTEMPS (Fern-green case)... A charming accent for pastel frocks, and highly successful with cool greens, blues, black and white

VICTOIRE (All black case)... Triumphant with a black costume! Rich and warm, and becoming to both blondes and brunettes

COQUETTE (Black case with oyster-white top)... A deep red, with raspberry, winey tones. A dashing touch

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ELIZABETH ARDEN

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WITH THE SOUTH ATHERSTONE

Bale

A group taken on the opening day at Newnham Paddock, Lord and Lady Feilding's house, and the names included in the picture are: Mr. Tinkler, Madame Ubinga, Mr. Reginald Wright, the Master, Lady Feilding, who is a sister of Lord Spencer, Mrs. Reginald Wright, John her son, and the Hon. Philippa Copley, Lord and Lady Cromwell's daughter, Lord Cromwell (behind), Lady Cromwell, and a lady whose name has not been sent us. Mr. Wright has the advantage of having the far-famed Arthur Thatcher as his huntsman. When Thatcher gave up (from the Fernie) owing to a bad smash, it was feared his riding days were done, but he is as fit and flourishing as ever again.

IT goes to my heart very often to check the doubtlessly well-meant efforts of the printers of this illustrious paper to enrich and brighten the prose of those hard-working persons who write for it, and I am sure that it would add much to the gaiety of nations if these things were left quite uncorrected. An instance! As you will see in the magnificent and world-beating Christmas Number of THE TATLER, it became necessary to indent upon some verses by Whyte Melville to garnish a picture of some fox-hounds. The lines are from the poem, "The King of the Kennel," the first verse of which says something like this:

The bitch from the Belvoir, the dog from the Quorn,
The pick of their litter our puppy was born;
And the day he was entered he flew to the horn,
But rating and whip-cord be treated with scorn.

They put two "t's" in the seventh word from the end. I wish I had had the courage to leave that "t" in!

Perhaps, however, it was dead wrong not to leave it "ratting" after all, because, whether you know it or not, there was a rumour last season about a pack of hounds which was kept so short that they were so ravenous on a fine hunting day that they were ready to eat anything (or anyone). It was said to be quite unsafe for anyone to be "thrown" when pursuing them. The story went that one day they ran through a farm-yard, and as they passed a hay-stack got a heavenly wind of rat. So they pushed the stack over and had a regular Lord Mayor's banquet off the large colony of rodents in residence. Mind you, I don't vouch for the absolute truth of this, but it is one of those yarns people will tell you at the fox-hunt, especially sometimes members of an adjacent hunt.

At such a moment as the present we ought to be thankful for any small mercies and to take off our hats to any persons, no matter who they

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

may be, kind enough to bestow them upon us. Their good deeds should be given even as much publicity as the greatest advertising agent in the wide world, that bosom pal of Mr. Eustace Miles, would approve. Yet this is not so, and many kindly acts go quite unnoticed. For instance, is it not highly praiseworthy upon the part of General Ma (of China) and the Japanese General commanding at the Hey-Nonny-No Bridge operations to have refrained from adding to the worries of divers gentlemen at Geneva by excluding the use of poison gas? This is all the more commendable on the part of General Ma because his nation was the first to use this description of weapon in war. The Chinese stink-pot is the oldest known expression of poison gas and was, like its modern prototype, mainly asphyxiating in its effects. It is correct, I believe, to say that it combined all the unpleasant qualities of chlorine, mustard and tear gas, plus the quality from which it took its name, the effluvia of a far-too-dead buzzard. No acknowledgment of this forbearance has yet emanated from either M. Briand or anyone else connected with that extremely expensive and entirely well-meaning establishment called the League of Nations whose main object is, as I understand things, to disabuse people's minds of the truthfulness of that time-old adage, "All is fair in Love and War," and to persuade the lion and the lamb to lie down together. No one, of course, has ever seen a lion and a lamb lie down together—not even in Bertram Mills' circus. Both of these beasts do lie, like the truth, of course, but they prefer to do it separately.

The bother about all these new inventions such as the League of Nations, the Locarno Pact, the clean-sweeping Hoover Plan, the Young Plan, and all the rest of them, is that they look so well on a newspaper head-line, and seem so excellent till someone trails the tail of his coat on the floor and invites someone else to tread on it. We see what happens. The other fellow, who has sworn by all his gods that he would never dream of engaging upon that disgusting thing called War, at once forgets all about what he said when he wore a morning-coat and an

(Continued on b. viii)



"THE TRAVELLERS" POLO TEAM IN ROME

The English team won the polo Cup at the Esquilene Tournament at the Villa Glori ground, near Rome, early this month, and in this group, telling off from the left, are: Mr. T. Withycombe, Mr. W. Withycombe, Signor Achille Starace, Vice-Secretary of the National Fascisti Party, Mr. R. Ball, and Mr. T. Greenslade



By Appointment to
H.R.H. The Prince
of Wales.



3

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Made with choice sun-ripened
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taining properties which tend
to slimness and energy.



THE OLD WHITGIFTIANS XV

This group was taken before the match v. Peterborough, which the Old Whitgiftians won by 29 points to nil. It was on this day that all their seven fifteens were victorious, scoring in all 176 points to 12. The names in this picture, reading from left to right, are: Back row—H. W. Seear, E. R. Nicholson, S. J. Benton (hon. secretary), E. C. Claxton, R. H. Diplock, K. Nealon, E. M. Hooper, A. J. Clarke, G. T. Harrison, C. S. Dingley (referee). Middle row—W. J. Stutchbury, G. F. Pullinger, J. B. Hornby (captain), B. M. V. Johnson, J. H. F. Johnson. Front row—J. M. Howard, L. M. Boor

THE matches in which the Universities take part are increasing in importance each week as the big function at Twickenham draws nearer, and no doubt a good many people will go to Twickenham next Saturday to see the Harlequins play Oxford University. Both are attractive sides, for both favour an open game, and Rugby is certainly more enjoyable to watch when the ball is being given plenty of air. Let us hope for a fine day and a big crowd, for Twickenham is a most depressing ground on a wet afternoon, with its huge areas of empty seats and a mere handful of spectators.

The Harlequins have so many class players at their disposal that a few absentees do not matter very much to them, but I certainly hope to see J. R. Cole take the field. He is one of several men who have come on a lot this season—there are at least two at Oxford—and he has made several wonderful runs that ended with tries. And that is something in these days, when stand-off halves do not score after the manner of W. J. A. Davies and E. Myers.

J. R. Cole is in the Army and played against the Royal Navy last March, his partner at half being the Light Blue, F. W. Simpson. Against the R.A.F. these two were replaced by G. J. Fenton, the hero of a sensational Woolwich and Sandhurst match, and C. C. McCreight, who has recently been seriously damaged in a motor smash, and whose Rugby is at an end for the time being. G. J. Dean may fill the place of the latter; he has been doing fairly well for the Harlequins, though he did not shine very brightly for the Combined Services against the South Africans. Nor, for that matter, did D. R. Bader, who was seldom able to escape the close attentions of his opposite number.

It was rather hard lines on Dean that the South Africans should have elected to play D. Craven against him, for the Army man was simply outclassed physically. Once more it was proved that a good big 'un must always beat a good little 'un, and Craven must be amongst the most powerful of all scrum halves, and withal as active as a kitten. If he and W. C. Powell meet in the International with Wales there will be something doing.

By the way, the tourists return to Wales on Saturday for their next four games, culminating in the big match at Swansea on December 5. The South African sides of 1906 and 1912 both defeated Wales, though in the latter the only score was one penalty goal. This time the Principality hopes to go one better, but it is a very open game, and a stroke of luck might turn the scale either way. Much will depend on how skilfully the Welsh team is blended and how quickly the men can settle down. For of course these touring sides have an almost incalculable advantage in being so well together, besides the fact of their being in strict and regular training. People who are so keen on condemning the various 'scratch' sides that get beaten by the tourists would not be so

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

emphatic, perhaps, if they understood a little more about the matter.

It is to be hoped that this second visit of the South Africans to Wales will pass off without any trouble. It is common knowledge that the tourists were not too pleased with sundry happenings on their first visit, and human nature has its limits. Rugby has been fairly free from brutality for some seasons now and we were beginning to hope that some of its worst forms had gone for ever. A few years ago there were some shocking exhibitions of foul play and more than one notorious offender might well have been suspended for life if not sent to gaol. We don't want those evil days back again.

E. W. F. de V. Hunt—we do not always give him his full title, but he deserves it this time—played a very fine game for the Services against the tourists and was quite the hero of his side. He began well and went on to do better, a fine thing for giving confidence is a good start. Some of his catches were brilliant, and his kicking was quite a good length on the average and usually found touch. Hunt got an Irish cap the season before last, when he played against France, but since then he has not been called upon. Ireland must be better supplied with full backs than either of the other countries except Wales, where J. Bassett has held the fort for the last three years and looks like going on doing so.

Recently I mentioned an obvious error in "The Rugby Football Annual," which shows certain International matches down to be played on Sundays. A Leicester correspondent says that in his view Sunday Rugby would be a sound innovation, "since Sunday is the best day for players and spectators alike." He may be right, though I don't think he is, but there is not a 1,000 to 1 chance of Sunday Rugby ever being played under the auspices of the Rugby Union, which has always set its face sternly against Sunday football. Indeed there was quite a little bother about English clubs being allowed to play on the Continent on Sunday. What the Rugby League may or may not do is, fortunately, no concern of ours.



THE ALL-CONQUERING SPRINGBOKS v. COMBINED SERVICES

South Africa getting away with it in the recent match at Twickenham. The Springboks won all the way, and the final score read 23 to nil. The Services were out-scrummaged in the tight and badly beaten in the line-out, and the defence of the backs broke down repeatedly

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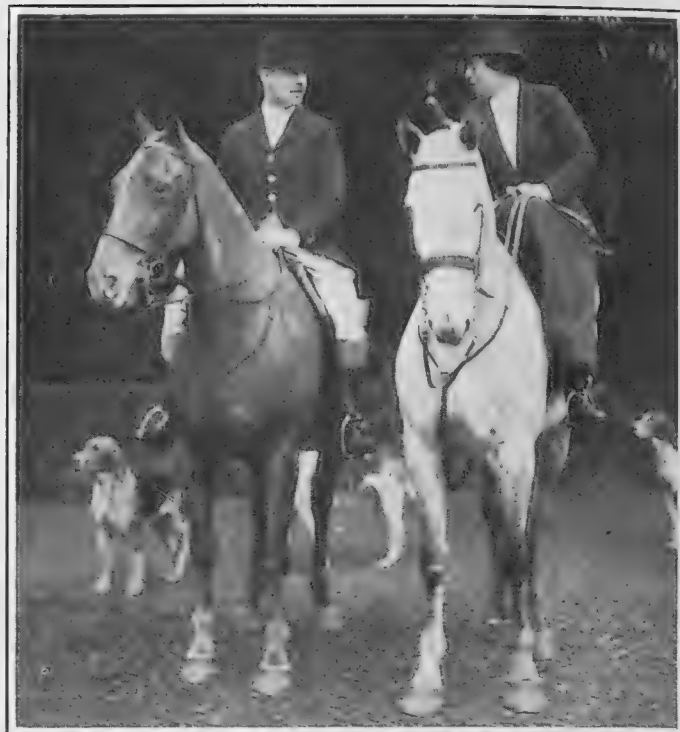
**MARTELL’S
THREE STAR
COGNAC BRANDY**

PETROL VAPOUR

BY W. G. ASTON

The Heavies.

I ALWAYS have a slight distrust of those people who assure me that they are intensely enthusiastic students of automobile design, and yet fail to pay a visit to the Commercial Transport Motor Exhibition. Compared with the Car Show it is, at all events, to the technically inclined, the more interesting event of the two. It is borne in upon me that in the realm of the dividend-earning vehicle the engineer has a far greater breadth of scope, being neither so rigorously guided by price considerations, nor so confined by silly prejudice. No matter how unconventional a job he may turn out, he knows from the start that it will be judged upon its merits. One distinguished fellow put it to me rather crudely, thus: "Economy and efficiency and practical facts are what I go for, and I am happy in the knowledge that what I have built is not going to be turned down by the whim of some woman." Well, he used to design touring cars—very good ones, too—and one can imagine that he had his disappointments. Still, there it is. Once upon a time industrial vehicles laboured heavily and noisily behind private cars in point of development; but now I am not so sure but what the places have been changed. If you would see evidence of advancement go to the modern heavy. Probably it will give an indication of what, in course of time, our "pleasure" cars will grow into. It might surprise you to learn that there are multi-passenger carrying vehicles in which a higher standard of personal comfort (at the modest cost of about 1s. a mile) is struck than is to be found in any but the most lavish of limousines. I drew the attention of a touring-car constructor to this; he tried a seat or two at my behest; and he remarked rather gravely (and with an oath that I will not clog my nib by repeating) that this sort of thing would be mighty hard to compete with. This is true; and it is mighty hard. Then look at the progress that has been made with the Diesel type of engine, of which at the recent show there were about fifteen examples, nearly all bearing well-known names. Clearly most of the crabs of this principle have been dug out of their shells. And, incidentally, it is very nice to see that Britain, having had a good deal of leeway to make up, is now leading the compression-ignition field. No one, I suppose, can doubt that sooner or later the most elaborate luxury car will be equipped with a motor that consumes heavy oil, at a cost per ton-mile of about one-twentieth that of petrol. Already (apart from aircraft engine developments, in which we have been deplorably slow as compared with the Americans) Diesels have been got down to a weight of about 12 lb. per horse-power, and they are giving a dozen horse-power per litre of capacity. Those figures are not too far off private car standards, and if the present rate of progress is maintained, it is safe to predict that they will be respectively halved and doubled within the next year or two. And then the way will be cleared for the foolish virgin who has neglected to fill the fuel tank of her run-about, for she will, at a pinch, be able to get home on a couple of tallow candles and half a tin of treacle. Apparently the only things which Diesels won't consume are discarded safety razor blades and cigarette stubs. Then again, by reason of the fact that patrons of



P. H. Adams

SIR HAROLD AND LADY ZIA WERNHER

On the Fernie's opening day at Gumley, Mrs. Murray Smith's house. Sir Harold Wernher, as is well known to all hunting folk, is the Senior Master of these hounds, his joint being Captain Charles Edmonstone

motor-coaches, *et hoc genus omne*, expect, and insist upon having the earth; quite new ideas of suspension are being exploited in commercial vehicle chassis, whereas in touring machines it would almost appear that we must put up with the good old half-elliptic for ever. One job at the Heavy Show intrigued me immensely. It had a 6-cylinder 12-piston 2-stroke Diesel engine, front-wheel drive, and independent pneumatic suspension for each wheel, besides a great many other original and practical points. It is very pleasant to see this sort of thing, no matter in what country it was first materialized. Suggests, does it not, that some bold horse is kicking the harness of conventionality to smithereens? And here a point may be mentioned that is not often appreciated, which is that a motor bus (so far as stress on the power unit is concerned) is the nearest approach to a racing car; for the bullgine is practically full out for every hour of its life. This makes it all the more probable that the commercials will blaze the trail that the lighter sort of vehicle will ultimately follow. Meanwhile I confess that this last show did put one somewhat unwelcome thought into my noddle. Contemplating a dear little dash-about with fourteen wheels, 200 h.p. under the bonnet, and a length of about 40 ft., I did kind of feel that if these things reproduced off-spring at quite a moderate rate, it would not be long before the road was no place for the likes of me-e-e. Some of them are, I fancy, just a little bit too big—I mean to say, if you had all your money in railway stock the sight of them might excusably give you a heart attack.

Near Thing.

You know that sensation you get when, having made a bloomer in the playing of a critical hand under the nose of a hawk-like partner, you put all your quivering faith into a deep finesse—and it comes off. Well, I had that the other day only in quite different circumstances. A long journey had to be made on strictly business. But it was a grand morning (this autumn has been a marvel, hasn't it) and Mrs. P. V. and the

(Continued on p. xx)



"WE WANT TO REPORT A STOLEN CAR"

One of the many pictures in Mr. Peter Arno's recently-published collection, and which he has called "Peter Arno's Parade," which enables the public to sample every aspect of this artist's humour. Mr. Ben Travers has written an excellent introduction to Mr. Arno's entertaining work, which is published by The Bodley Head

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

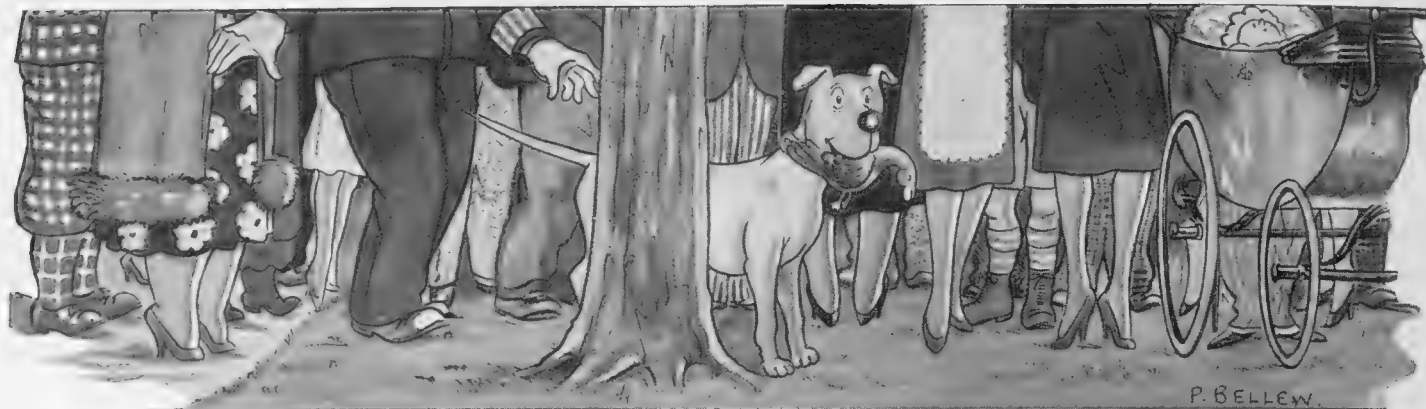


In SUMMER and in WINTER

YOU
CAN BE
SURE OF SHELL

WINTER SHELL

is specially blended to
give quick starting in cold
weather



DAN, THE SANITARY MAN. By LUPIN

THEY called him Dandy. Not for his looks, for a clumsier, cusseder-looking bull terrier never was littered—and Dan for short. Sometimes even Dan the Sanitary Man, when he had been rummaging in some favourite drain and put a succulent piece of garbage down on the drawing-room carpet.

Six months before he had come to England from India with the family. That morning he had been released from quarantine. He had celebrated it by upsetting everything—the light furniture in the flat, the pompous Aberdeen, Jerry, the lift-man, and the new cook. Taken into Hyde Park for a walk he had chased everything from chows to pigeons, and eventually, not knowing London at all, had lost himself completely. At the moment he was trotting out of a spinney close to the Row, and in his mouth was a fat mallard duck.

He crossed the grass deliberately. He got over the fence on to the path. He had been well trained in India to retrieve; this was his job. No more racing about until the duck had been properly handed over to his master. But where was his master? He listened in vain for a whistle. He had never been in Hyde Park before and he had no idea where he was. The ground was a confusion of scents and smells which gave him no clue. The duck had got to be delivered up properly. He stood irresolute.

Then he realized he was attracting attention. From every direction legs were coming his way; legs in tight silk stockings, in black cotton stockings full of wrinkles, bare legs of kids; legs in grey flannels, in blue trousers, in checks and plus fours; shoes of smart brown or black kid, shoes torn or patched. There were yapping Pekinese and pram-wheels mixed up with them. They were hostile, menacing legs and shoes—probably they wanted the duck. He would fight the whole lot of them for it. The duck belonged to his master and to no one else. But where was his master? Getting his stern close to a tree-trunk to cover an attack from behind, Dandy faced the half-circle round him.

The tall young policeman controlling the traffic at Clarence Gate walked over to see what the crowd was about. The traffic hesitated a minute and then went on happily without him. His quick Metropolitan Police brain enabled him to grasp the situation at once. He took charge. A report was indicated. With all the complicated gestures of a taxi-driver finding change he uncovered a hip-pocket and produced a note-book.

"Who is the owner of this dog?" he asked severely.

Dandy noticed the effect on the crowd. Broken and mended shoes either rubbed themselves nervously together or moved off. The black shoes with the prams were up on tip-toe, and one or two beat their heels excitedly on the gravel. The kids hung on to the short skirts above the shoes. The rest came a little nearer.

"Who is the owner of this dog?" repeated the policeman, now preparing his pencil.

A lot of people made suggestions.

"Bad, bad doggie to kill the poor duck," said the old woman with the elastic-sided shoes.

"Catch hold of 'im. Kick 'im," said a pair of broken shoes.

"How dare you," said the elastic-sided shoes, menacing the black shoes. "Poor doggie."

"Garn," said the broken shoes.

The policeman bent down to see the name on his collar, but Dandy avoided him. The policeman tried to manoeuvre so as to get hold of the collar and met with a growl. The duck was an effective muzzle, but Dandy gave sufficient warning to show what he could do if he put it down. No one should have it but his master. The policeman tried being friendly and failed. Then he made a grab and was short. This was getting serious. The traffic at Clarence Gate was not even missing him. He must get back and hold it up. Then Dandy saw his master; brown brogue shoes, right heel worn, and check trousers. He ran up and offered the duck. The policeman was there at once. This was more in order.

"Are you the owner of this dog?"

The brogue shoes agreed, and the policeman wrote, "At 10.15 ack emma, Thursday, the 29th April, I was on duty . . . when I saw the aforesaid dog. . . ." The sergeant liked his reports all in form. The nurse-maids were watching him with eyes of admiration.

"Name and address?" he asked.

"Dandy, Basket Kennel, Front Hall, 47, Park Place."

"Your name," he asked, severely, "as the owner of the dog." The law, in its majesty, allows no humour off the bench.

"Your dog," he continued, "'as killed a duck. This is a serious offence in a Royal Park—to kill one of the King's ducks. I must report the matter. Place the dog on its chain and 'and the duck to me."

"Lawks!" said the loafer, "'e'll get a month. They give me fourteen days for pinching a rabbit."

Relieved of the duck Dandy promptly bit a chow which had been harrying him from behind. . . . When the confusion of legs caused by the resultant uproar had sorted themselves out again, the policeman was holding the duck in one hand and replacing the note-book in the complicated pocket with the other.

Dandy looked up at his master for applause, and met with a smile and a twinkly eye.

"Officer," said his master, "I should like to establish an exact description of the deceased Royal Duck—its species, sex, and whether it be classed as a corpse or garbage."

Inspecting the duck closely the constable bent over it. He had an open, red face. He had never been known to blanch, even when faced with the horrors to which the Metropolitan Police are daily exposed. But now, even in front of the nursemaids, he blanched. He staggered. For a minute he clung to the railings for support. The complete horror struck him full in the nose. The duck had been dead for at least a week. . . .

Dan the Sanitary Man wagged his tail.



Outside the
gathering darkness
cold . . . and clammy;
indoors . . . warmth,
brightness, comfort

Johnnie
WALKER



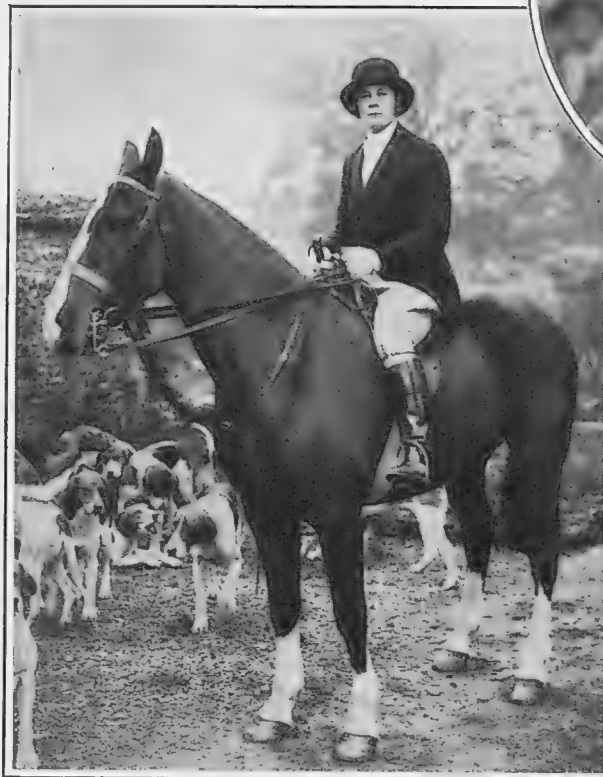
EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

HERE is great news which must come before even the Parliamentary Ladies' or "Fairway and Hazard" Meeting. Miss Joyce Wethered is engaged to Major C. K. Hutchison. They have never played together in the Worplesdon Foursomes; only in strict privacy may many a golfer know what a perfect pair they make upon a golf course, and everybody will be quite ready to believe that the same will apply to them off it. The very best of wishes and congratulations to both of them are such a commonplace that one almost hesitates to express it, but there it is. There is hardly a golfer in the whole wide world not only more admired for her golf and her modesty about it, nor better loved by those who have the good luck to know her, than Miss Wethered. Major Hutchison is so good a golfer (he has been an amateur championship runner-up himself) that one can only hope he will encourage

several others off their feet, he suddenly changed his mind, like the inconsequent fellow he is, and the day turned into an ideal specimen. The casual water dried up, the wind dropped to reasonable proportions, the sun shone on the



Getting married: Miss Joyce Wethered, whose engagement to Major C. K. Hutchison has brought her a mass of good wishes from all over the world



"Of golf, though it's pleasant, I sing not at present": Miss Molly Gourlay, who goes hunting with the greatest enthusiasm, at the opening meet of the South Herefordshire at Broomy Close



At Walton Heath: The Hon. Mrs. Osmund Scott, who won the scratch, handicap, and aggregate prizes at the autumn meeting of the Parliamentary Ladies' Golf Association

her now and again to delight the golfing world by appearing in it.

The Women's Automobile and Sports Association sponsored, and "Fairway and Hazard" ran, a delightful open meeting at Wentworth the day after "The Star" Finals. The clerk of the weather at first appeared to have strong views about the holding of open meetings in November, but, having made it almost impossible for the early starters to swing a club, bestowed an air shot on one really low handicap, and nearly blown

most glorious of autumn tints, and if anybody omitted to play good golf she really could blame nobody except herself.

The early starters were the rightful heroines of the day. Not perhaps in actual returns, for 87 from Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Julia Hill, and 88 from Miss Jean Hamilton, were 10 strokes off winning the scratch prize. But then Mrs. Garon and Miss Gill Rudgard, having taken an apprehensive look at the weather earlier in the day, did not leave the shelter of the club-house until a later vacancy occurred when all was peace and quiet. Not that that was the entire reason for their heading the scratch list; Miss Uthoff and Mrs. Hunt, who followed the same procedure in a modified degree, did not manage to arrive in the 70's. It took really first-class golf to do that, even under good conditions, and that was emphatically what Mrs. Garon's 77 represented. Shots are so easily wasted in handfults at Wentworth, yet Mrs. Garon only needed a little luck with the long putts to have equalled the 73 with which Miss Gourlay won "Fairway and Hazard's" Spring open meeting there. Miss Rudgard's 79 would have been accounted excellent had it not been for Mrs. Garon, and so would Mrs. John Mellor's 82 which, with her allowance of 6, headed the first division handicap list.

Conditions were very nearly perfect for the Parliamentary Ladies two days later, which was something to be thankful for since the venue was Walton Heath, where the stormy winds can blow with a vengeance if they give their minds to it. Of course the talk turned on the election. Some had been doing all sorts of work for those male relatives who obligingly provide the necessary qualification for membership of the Parliamentary

L.G.A., like Mrs. Douglas Grant, who had been helping her brother, Sir Thomas Rutherford, to turn a 6,000 deficit into an 8,000 majority in the Edgehill division of Liverpool. Others contented themselves with the latest good story about various politicians. Others, again, found they had quite enough to contend with amongst the heather and the bunkers and the slopes of the green.

Mrs. Osmund Scott rose superior to everything. She was out in 43, she came back in 43. Eighty-six, with eight off, gave her the scratch and handicap prizes for the day as well as the handicap aggregate for the Spring and autumn meetings. So away she went with all the trophies and most of the prizes. Miss

Rosemary Stanley won the second handicap prize, with Lady Darnley hard on her heels, and Miss Sauderson was second for the aggregate.



Competing in the Parliamentary Ladies Golf Association autumn meeting: Lady Headfort and Miss R. Stanley (right)

Fit your cigarette to the occasion

When lingering over the coffee and liqueur you may well indulge in the luxury of those opulent De Reszke Americans.

20 for 1/6

*

For the normal everyday occasion, when you are not too hurried, you will wisely choose the standard De Reszke *Virginias*.

20 for 1/-

*

And for a "brief-time" smoke (e.g., between the dances) there are the new (and now famous) De Reszke *Minors*—a beautifully made cigarette of precisely the same choice Virginia leaf as its bigger brothers.

20 for 8d.



DE RESZKE

— of course!

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



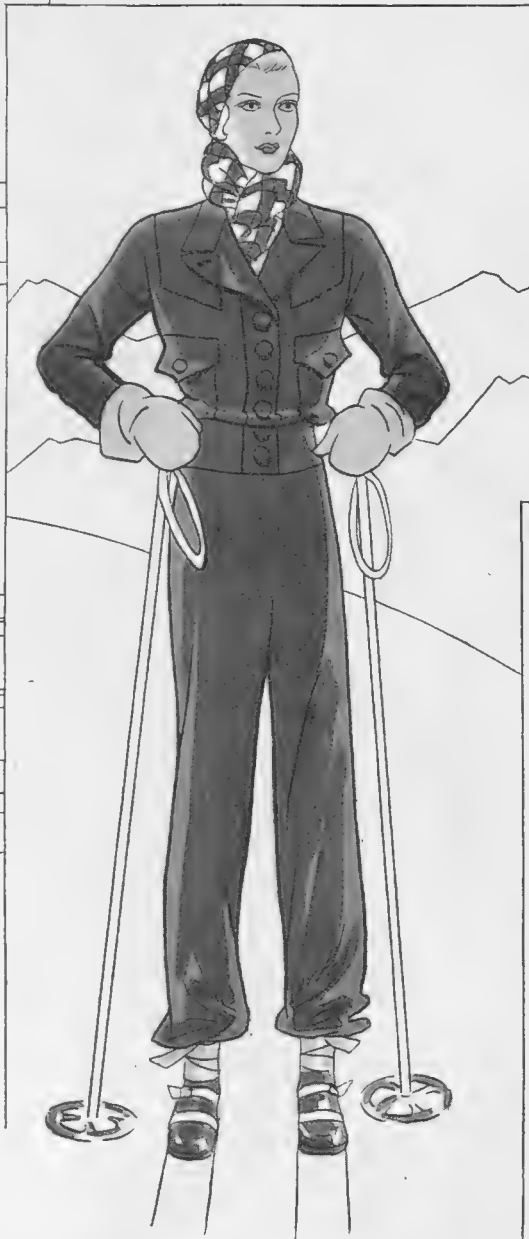
This smart suit for the indoor skating enthusiast is available in many colour schemes at Gordon Lowe's, 23, Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge, S.W. The cleverly cut skirt is of a woollen fabric; the jumper is woven to give a neat hand-knitted effect

Winter Sports in Scotland.

It is not anticipated that English men and women will frequent the Continental winter sports resorts this year, and as a consequence every effort is being made to create centres in Scotland; furthermore, it is believed that many skiing enthusiasts will visit Canada during the ensuing months. Gordon Lowe (23, Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge, S.W.) is, as usual, making a feature of skiing suits. The model portrayed is of navy-blue weather-proofed gabardine; it is cut on the same lines as a man's and is thoroughly practical; there are four different designs; they are £3 15s.

Checked Cashmere Shirts.

Worn with this suit is a checked cashmere shirt for 27s. 6d., the scarf and beret being 7s. 6d. each. These are available in a variety of colour schemes; a suit, together with accessories, would gladly be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references.



The ski-ing suit above is likewise sponsored by Gordon Lowe; it is carried out in weatherproofed gabardine and is cut on the same lines as a man's

For Indoor Skating.

The decorative and extremely practical outfit on the extreme left has been designed and carried out by Gordon Lowe for indoor skating. The skirt is of a durable wool fabric, and as it is very cleverly cut the movements of the wearer are never handicapped; it is 35s. The jumper is a study in emerald green and black; naturally it is available in other colours and is woven to give a hand-knitted effect; the cost is £2 2s. Attention must be drawn to the sleeves and neck-line as they are new and attractive. In this connection it must be mentioned that there are pullovers from 21s. and polo shirts from 14s. 6d., as well as the famous "Stille" skates.

Ensembles for Winter Wear.

There is no pleasanter place to replenish the wardrobe than in the coat and skirt department on the ground floor at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.; a feature is here made of ensembles and other tailor-mades for women of generous proportions; naturally the needs of the slender woman are by no means neglected. Who would not desire to own the ensemble pictured on the right of p. ii? It is to be regretted that in words it is impossible to do justice to the fabricating medium; it really belongs to the tweed family and is endowed with a lightning fleck—it is light and warm. The dress is particularly neat and trim and may appropriately be worn without the coat as it is an ideal background for fox and other stoles. The coat

(Continued on p. ii)



Chestnut brown pony cloth makes the lining of this tweed ensemble from the coat and skirt department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.; it is as appropriate for travelling as it is for walking

Ellis
Fulton

In the candid morning light

. . . look at the difference in your skin

FROM eighteen onwards anybody's skin becomes liable to it—that slow insidious discoloration that the most expensive creams can't charm away or the cunningest make-up disguise. Because once the skin loses its childhood elasticity, *acid waste* begins to collect day by day beneath its surface; poisons produced by fatigue that defeated all beauty treatment till Cyclax discovered the way to remove them.

THE SPECIAL LOTION— THE ONLY WAY

This wonderful Lotion *attracts* acid waste irresistibly as a magnet attracts iron. You simply paint it on your face at bed-time, and while you sleep it will draw every particle of poison and impurity up to the surface, where you can cream it away with skinfood before washing in the morning. The first application will free your skin of an accumulation that has tired and worried it for years; the next two or three will entirely remove the cause of the trouble—and then only one a week will be enough to *prevent its ever happening again*.

And then this simple daily discipline.

Just a little massage night and morning with one of the nourishing Cyclax skin foods; a morning wash with warm water and Cyclax soap; and a final finish before powdering with Cyclax liquid *non-greasy* powder base. Ten minutes night and morning and you can start each day afresh with a skin *soap-and-water* clean; the childhood bloom that you have so often dreamt of and that is, after all, so *very* easy to bring back.

Frances Hemming.

CYCLAX

CYCLAX LTD., 58, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1 + PARIS + BERLIN + NEW YORK

Service Advertising.



CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION draws acid waste from the skin. 5/6, 10/6.

CYCLAX SKIN FOOD nourishes and braces. Cyclax Special "O" Skinfood for dry skins, Cyclax Special "E" Skinfood for relaxed chins and throats, and Cyclax "Baby" Skinfood for exceptionally sensitive skins. 4/-, 7/6.

CYCLAX COMPLEXION MILK (slightly astringent). Prevents open pores and eradicates lines. 4/-, 7/6.

CYCLAX SOAP. Has exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes Skinfood. Softens and whitens the skin. 3/6 per tablet.

CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION. A non-greasy powder base. For dry skins Cyclax Sunburn Lotion is more effective. 4/6, 8/6.

CYCLAX CLEANSING LOTION. Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. 4/-, 7/6.

CYCLAX POWDER. In seven shades or you can have it specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6, 6/6.

FREE BOOKLET

Send to-day for the free Cyclax Book "The Art of being Lovely." It gives you full directions for using Cyclax and helps with your own special skin difficulties.

FREE ADVICE

If you want advice and cannot visit the Salon, you have only to write to Frances Hemming, 58, South Molton Street, where a complete record is kept of your special needs.

Cyclax Preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers throughout the country.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

is lined with pony cloth and, as the colour is non-committal, it may be worn with a variety of dresses. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that this ensemble complete is only 12½ guineas.

Inexpensive Ensembles.

Marshall and Snelgrove, appreciating the fact that many women have to economize, are making a feature of simple and moderately priced ensembles in the coat and skirt department; for instance, there are some for £5 18s. 6d. The coats are long while the fur collars are small, and there are others for 9½ guineas; they are of diagonal suiting with mus-

quash collars. By the way, this firm will be pleased to send their Christmas gift catalogue gratis and post free.

Furs for Frosty Weather.

A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that Bradley's fur garments are made under ideal conditions in their own workrooms at Chepstow Place. Portrayed on this page is a long coat of brown-dyed coltskin trimmed with Persian lamb dyed the same shade; as will be seen, it has a decidedly slimming effect on the figure. The short coat is of brown dyed caracul paw; it is also made in nutria, natural musquash flank, and dyed coltskin; these furs are hard-wearing and are particularly suitable for sports and country wear. Now, although the furs at Bradley's are exceptionally moderate in price, they are of the finest quality; for instance, there are sports coats in black dyed Susliki for 9½ guineas, while jackets in Ocelot are 19 guineas. In striking contrast to these is a model in Canadian mink for 800 guineas, and another of Persian lamb for 169 guineas, while jackets of Canadian sable are 295 guineas.

Now that swallows have left our shores, some completing their journey by aeroplane, fur coats are of topical importance. Bradley's, Chepstow Place, are responsible for those portrayed. The model above is of brown-dyed coltskin enriched with Persian lamb of the same shade. The short, smart coat on the right is of brown-dyed caracul paw



Forty Thieves, and there is no charge for admission. Punch and Judy take the stage every day at twelve o'clock. A splendid Christmas treat is in the morning to see Punch and Judy, then lunch in this firm's restaurant—a feature is made of lunches for children during the Christmas holidays—subsequently seeing the Belmars; and, of course, the toy department must by no manner of means be neglected, as there is something British for everyone at prices to suit all purses. There are Table Tennis for 4s. 6d., Popping the Pets for 2s. 6d., while the new game, Spin Golf, is 5s. 6d.; and there is an assortment of soft toys.

Fancy Dresses.

Furthermore, a fact that cannot be too often repeated is that Dickens and Jones have a world-wide reputation for the creation of original and distinctive fancy dresses; they will be pleased to submit designs and prices on application. The dress shown on the cover of the Christmas catalogue is an exact copy of Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons." The catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

Queen Elizabeth's Portraits.

The National Portrait Gallery gave their permission for the portrait of Queen Elizabeth to appear on the cover of Libertys, Regent Street, catalogue. So admirably is it reproduced that it is worthy of being framed. The catalogue will be sent gratis and post free. Pictured therein are hand-woven silk and wool scarves for 10s. 6d.; they are available in a variety of colour schemes. In striking contrast to these are multi-coloured silk and gold brocade shawls; not including fringe they are 60 in. square. Furthermore, there are a variety of card cases, needle cases, and scissor cases for 4s. 6d.; comb cases are 2s. 6d., all made of old Chinese embroidery. Neither have the needs of the children

been overlooked, for there are "Alice in Wonderland" sets of skittles for a guinea, while "The Old Woman in the Shoe" are 16s. 9d.; there are plush elephants from 3s. 11d. and the leopard from 6s. 11d.

Beautifying Face Powder.

Everyone must make a point of trying Harriet Hubbard Ayer's new powder, which has been described as perfect. It is a powder of medium weight, adaptable to all types of skin. It is made by an entirely different process which inter-blends the powder ingredients, perfumes, and colours so thoroughly together that an

absolutely smooth and even texture results; and in spite of its extreme fineness it has the adhesiveness of a much weightier powder. The box has an interesting mechanical feature; with its extended shoulder the powder is not apt to spill when the lid is removed; the highly-glazed covering makes the box dust-proof; price is 4s. 3d. With the advent of this powder, Harriet Hubbard Ayer is bringing out new shades in all her powders.

The Return of the Belmars.

The Belmars have returned in a wonderful living marionette pantomime to Dickens and Jones, Regent Street. Every afternoon at 2.30 and 4.45 they perform *Ali Baba and the*

FASHIONABLE COUPLES

OF GLOVES OF SHOES OF STOCKINGS . .



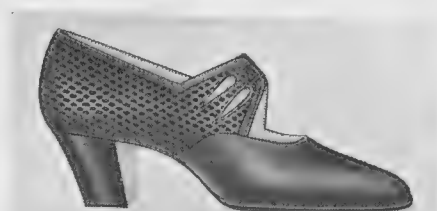
16-button-length Sac Chevrete Suède Gloves. Side opening with two round pearl buttons in Black and colours. **10/9**

Best British Spongeable Cape Leather Gloves, side gussets, finished with contrasting tops. Black, Grey, Brown, Beaver. **11/9 and 8/11**

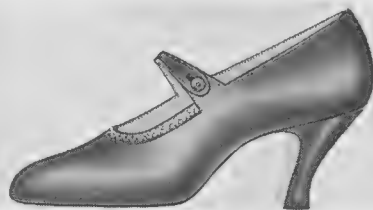
British-made Gloves of real Hogskin, in deep Cream, Sac shaped, and Hand-sewn. **19/6, 16/9 and 12/9**
With detachable knit lining 21/9 and 27/9

Reliable Washable Suède Gloves, 5½ inch Sac shaped in fine Suède (foreign) in Black and colours. **6/11**

GLOVES FOR EVENING WEAR
16-button-length of White Glacé Kid **11/9**
20-button-length of White Glacé Kid **13/9**
16-button-length of Black, White and Colour Suède **13/9**
20-button-length Black, White (foreign) **16/9**



Walking Shoe for Town or Country wear. Leather Cuban heel in Calf and Lizard. Price **32/9**
Brown or Black.



Smart One-bar Shoe, Louis XV heel. In Brown or Black Calf. Price **28/9**



Excellent fitting Court Shoe, slightly brogued, Louis XV heel. In Black, Brown, Blue and Green Calf. Price **29/6**

A Court Shoe in Beige or Brown Crêpe-de-Chine with stitching design of contrasting shade. Price **39/6**

Smart Afternoon Shoe in Black Matt Calf and Black Suède. Rustic Glacé and Brown Suède, or Brown Glacé and Suède. Price **29/6**



"M & S," a new French All-Silk Stocking in suitable shades for day wear. Picot Top and Fancy Lace Clox. **9/11**

"Marshella," British Pure Silk Stocking. With Lisle feet and tops. Medium weight. **6/11**
Heavy weight 7/11 With Lace Clox 7/11
With Lace Clox and All-Silk throughout. 9/11

British-made "Olex" 42-Gauge Hose. 9 thread of heavy Silk with Lisle feet and top. In a range of new colours. **4/11**

British All-Silk Stocking, plated throughout with Egyptian Cotton, giving a finely knitted appearance. Warm and hard wearing. In Gunmetal, Grey, Java, Camel, Rendezvous and Oak. **8/11**

Extra fine-knit Stocking of Silk and Cotton Mixture, giving the appearance of very fine spun silk. In Beige, Dusky, Gazelle, Modore, Grey, Gunmetal. **3/11**

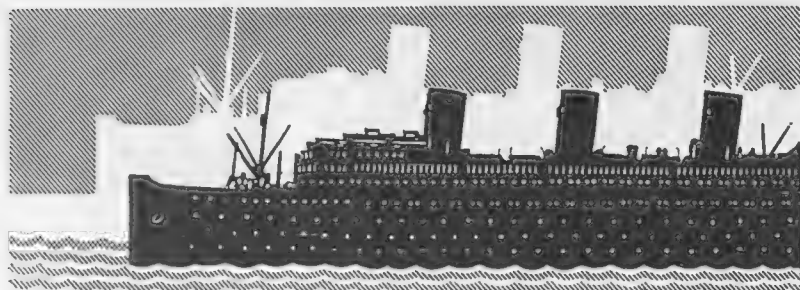
SENT ON APPROVAL.

Be prepared for exciting surprises this week—for in that quiet air of charm and distinction that greets you the minute you set foot in Marshall's—there are Glove, Shoe and Stocking values that not only measure up to Marshall's standard of quality, but to your new standard of price. This is a triple opportunity to put your Winter wardrobe on a sound basis—for the true source of chic springs from these three necessities.

On November 25th, 26th and 27th you mustn't miss the display of Marshall's Mayfair Flowers. Not only will they compensate you for Winter's lack of Summer's flowers, but they'll inspire you with gift ideas for the on-coming season—for it's high time to think seriously about Christmas

Marshall AND **Snelgrove**
Debenhams Ltd.

VERE ST., AND OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.



London— Plymouth —New York

"The Route that Cuts off the Corner"

Trains are faster than Ships. EMBARK at Plymouth, the nearest Ocean Port to New York, and so substitute a mile-a-minute in a Boat Train for a passage down Channel together with its concomitant—a continental call *en route*.

IF CROWS FLEW TO NEW YORK

they would unquestionably go "as the crow flies"—they would follow the French Line route, for London—Plymouth—New York is as straight a line as any crow ever flew.

From the moment the Boat Train leaves London, the New York bound passenger is travelling "as the crow flies" when he travels "Via Plymouth."

Cross by one of the three liners—

"FRANCE," "PARIS," "ILE DE FRANCE,"

or the exceedingly popular cabin liners—

"LAFAYETTE," "DE GRASSE."

Direct
by the



Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Ltd.,
20, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1
or all leading Travel Agents.

From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 274)

From Warwickshire

Once more the opening meet has come and gone. This year the hounds met at the kennels and not as before at Compton Verney, the seat of Lord and Lady Manton, who have left us this year for Melton. They will be much missed. The first fox found in Watts Gorse eventually gave us a brisk little dart to the railway near Bedlam Osiers. The country was very blind, and more than one left the plate. After killing a fox in Crab's Castle Gorse, hounds were taken to Shepherd's Gorse, and a fox went away at once in the Kineton direction which looked like being really good, but he turned back all too soon and ended a good day's sport.

On Tuesday the hounds met at Wolford, but the fox that gave the hunt was an outlier found near Todenham, which ran fairly straight to Chastleton. It was most enjoyable, though again there were a lot of falls. No one would have blamed her if she had gone straight home as the corpse sounded very much alive. The admiral almost joined the In the Air Force, so keen was he to jump that timber.

Thursday at Shuckburgh and Friday at Wroxton Abbey were both good days, the latter rather spoilt by "Buck" having a bad fall.

From the Heythrop

With the opening meet held at Heythrop Village the curtain went up in a blaze of sunshine. It was indeed only a sign of the times that many of the old familiar faces were missing, but with the prospect of better times ahead perhaps many may be induced to reconsider their decisions; anyhow, it is possible that the money, which they hope to save by giving up hunting, will become the property of their medical advisers for their attendance during various liver attacks, and they would therefore do well to remember the old axiom about the outside of a horse being the best thing for the inside of a man, as who would not sooner keep a horse than a doctor? As the cut-em-down captain would say, the best form of cutting down is to cut down wire and hedges.

We are glad, however, to hear that there are several new-comers, and to them we would extend a cordial greeting, and with the same breath a word of advice to stock their cellars with port, as in Heythropia port is generally accepted as the wine of the country.

From Lincolnshire

Hunting conditions have changed greatly during the past few decades. The motor-car, the glassy road, and barbed wire, to say nothing of aeroplanes droning around when a hunt is in progress, were unknown quantities in that era known as "The Golden Age of Foxhunting," but they are ever-present to-day!

When the Blankney had their opening meet at Blankney Hall on November 5, there were probably more cars than people on horses. Lord Londesborough, deputizing for Lord Barnby, M.F.H. (still abroad), offered lavish hospitality, and with glorious sunshine prevailing, the scene in front of the house was of the gayest. The best fun came late in the day when most people had gone home. Hounds quickly mopped up one fox, and would have killed another but for the waning light.

The Burton "kicked off" from Riseholme Hall on November 7. Heavy rain did not matter, for hounds scored two tip-top gallops, and though sopping wet everybody went home delighted. Sir Julian Cahn, M.F.H., has more foxes this season than last, and this has given him much encouragement.

The Southwold (Harrington pack) had their opening meet on the same day, the meet being at Well Vale Hall, the home of the Master, Major Walter Rawnsley. There was an *embarras des richesses* in foxes, but motor-cars and bad smells spoilt at least two promising gallops.

From the York and Ainsty

It is as well to remind my readers that these notes have to be sent in about a week before they appear, so all due allowance must be made. Guy Fawkes' Day saw the South pack at Beningbrough, where Lord and Lady Chesterfield made us welcome. It was quite a fair day with two kills in the open, foxes being found both in Court House and Overton. We understand that an eminent young pig-sticker got into some flood-water on his way to the meet, got soused, which wasn't half such fun as hog-slaying. On the same day the Northerners had a cubbing day from Ribston, spending most of the day round Goldsborough. The South met at Foggathorpe on the 7th, which we reckon as our best bit of country; unfortunately it poured with rain nearly all day, and hounds completely disappeared after finding in Ellerton Thorns. We understand they were collected eventually, and any which weren't were doubtless made comfortable for the night among the cows and other live-stock at Château Melbourne. The North pack held their opening meet on Monday at Kirk Hammerton, where Colonel and Mrs. Stanforth dispensed hospitality. Everyone again got "salivated" in the afternoon.

All for Beauty



*Try the New
Beautifying Face Powder
by Harriet Hubbard Ayer*

You will be charmed with BEAUTIFYING FACE POWDER—the latest addition to the exquisite HARRIET HUBBARD AYER series. It is made by a wonderful new process which gives powder a delicacy and evenness never before achieved. Although as fine as rose-pollen, it is marvellously adherent, and bestows a lasting bloom which suits all normal types of skin. BEAUTIFYING FACE POWDER is made in seven lovely complexion-matched shades, and scented with APRÈS TOUT—that seductive perfume which has already won the hearts of women who use HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations. Its elegant ivory and gold box makes a most charming addition to the dressing table. You could give no more delightful Christmas present. Beautifying Face Powder: In Flesh, White, Rachel, Peach, Ayerblonde, Ayerbrunette, French Rachel. Price 4/3.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers, and Chemists.

BEAUTY ADVICE WITHOUT CHARGE. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has devoted a lifetime to making women beautiful, and her advice is always at your disposal. Call at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, London, and consult her experts about your beauty problems. Or write there for her free booklet "All for Beauty," which tells you how to improve your looks in your own home.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
LIMITED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS



WITH THE ANCIENT STAINTONDALE HUNT

Victor Hey

According to old tradition, King Stephen, when he was shipwrecked off Robin Hood Bay and was rescued by the East Yorkshire dalesmen, gave them a Royal Charter to hunt the country for all time and also freedom from all tolls throughout England. They met on the occasion when this picture was taken at the 5th Divisional Signals mess, and included in the group are: Mr. Geoffrey Unwin (in the centre), Joint Master, with Captain J. R. Renwick; Mr. Unwin is an ex-Rugger International and Oxford Blue; Mrs. Unwin is on the right, seated, and then Colonel and Mrs. E. W. Bradley. Seated—the C.O. and his wife, who extended the invitation to the Hunt, and others are Major and Mrs. Nixon, Captain W. A. Dimoline, Mr. Usher, and Mr. Conway of the Royal Signals; Colonel and Mrs. Agnew, R.E.; Mr. J. C. Oates, secretary of the Hunt, and Mrs. Oates; Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Camilla Thornley, Mr. Halliday Huggan, ex-Master of the Hunt, and Mrs. Huggan. Behind—Mr. Geo. Wellburn and Mr. Emerson, two respected veteran members of the Hunt; the former has attended sixty-two opening meets and the latter is close behind him for the record. In front are the children of the Officers, 5th Divisional Signals



Players *always* Please

Smokers find a World
of satisfaction in

PLAYER'S

Quality
and
Quantity

10 for 6^D 20 for 11^{1D}/₂

N.C.C. 51^A



Distinguished in its design ...impressive in its quietness

The smooth performance of the new



Vauxhall Silent Eighty is a sheer delight

SMOOTHER, quieter and more distinctive than ever in appearance, the new Vauxhall Silent Eighty, though lower in price, has many notable improvements this year.

NEW "SILENT THIRD" GEARBOX

Its new "Silent Third" gearbox gives quieter running in all gears and easier gear-changing. A smoother engine, with a combined air-cleaner and silencer on the intake, plays its part in reducing noise. Rubber mountings for the bodies eliminate rattle. Every step conducive to quiet running has been taken.

The imposing appearance of the car is heightened by such features as the new chromium-plated radiator guard, the large hubs with chromium hubcaps. Several smart new body-styles have been added to the range.

The seating is a revelation in comfort. The rear arm-rests are recessed to give wider accommodation, and

the bucket front seats are as comfortable as your fire-side armchair.

The weatherproof, flush-type sliding roof — another new feature — fits so closely that it can hardly be noticed until it is opened.

Any dealer will give you a catalogue showing the wide range of bodies, all with safety glass throughout. He will gladly take you out for a trial run. If you prefer, write direct to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Ltd., Hendon, London, N.W.9.

NEW PRICES (ex Works, Hendon)

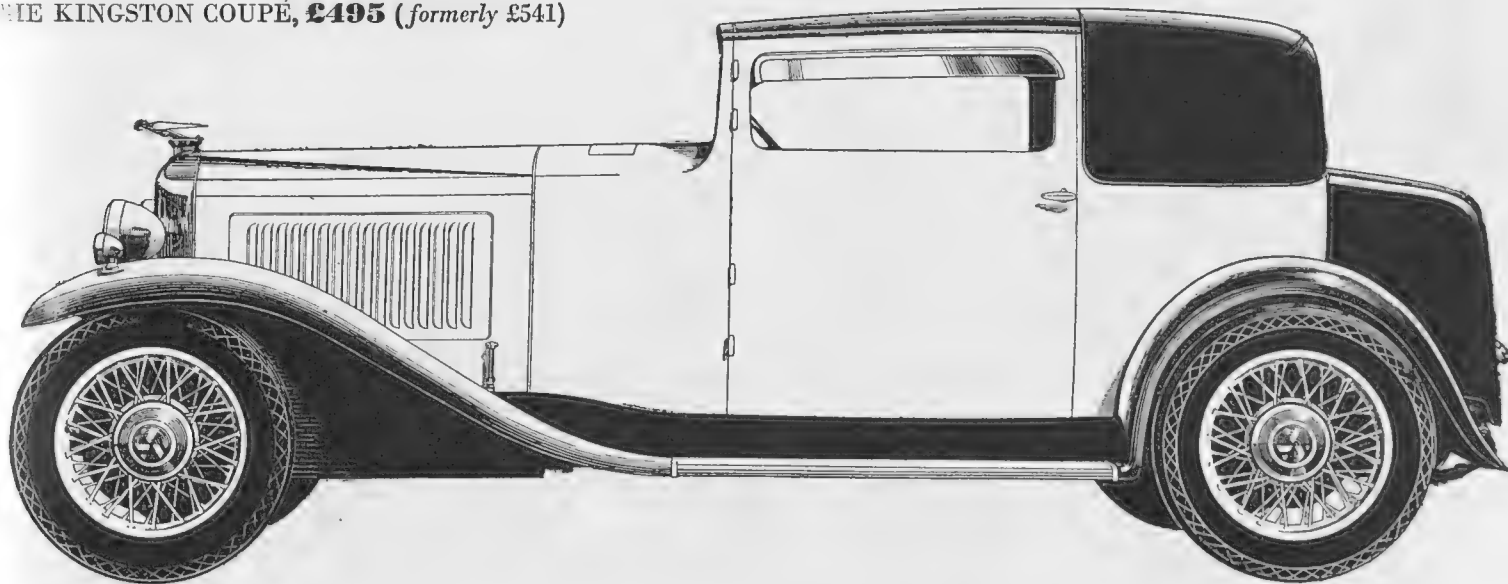
Richmond Saloon (formerly £515)	£485
Kingston Coupé (formerly £541)	£495
Velox Semi-Panelled Saloon	£535
Kimberley Saloon	£595
*Newmarket 7-passenger Saloon	£685

(Sliding roof standard on all above models)

*Grosvenor 7-passenger Limousine	£695
--	------

*On long wheelbase chassis (Sliding Roof £10 extra)

THE KINGSTON COUPÉ, £495 (formerly £541)



VAUXHALL SILENT EIGHTY

For those who want a light Six, there is the 17-h.p. Vauxhall Cadet, with Synchro-Mesh and Silent Second Gear, £285 ★ Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.
Complete range of models on view at 174-182 Great Portland St., London, W.1





"Nell Gwynn" Candles are wonderfully decorative and add a touch of colour to dark corners.



This special gift box contains four 14 in. "Nell Gwynn" Candles with bases to match and costs only 5/.

If unobtainable locally, send remittance and we execute post free.



Soft "Nell Gwynn" Candle-light creates an atmosphere of warmth and hospitality, and the fair sex looks even lovelier.

FIELD'S
"NELL GWYNN"
Solid Dyed Candles

FREE ♦ An illustrated "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. W, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

Pictures in the Fire—(continued from p. 292)

uncomfortable top-hat (raiment quite foreign to his ideas) at the salubrious town of Geneva, and goes back to the direct methods which have obtained from the Stone Age onwards, and picks up the nearest half-brick he can find and buzzes it at the other fellow's head. Poison-gas, disease-germ bombs, submarines, *flammenwerfer*, and all the other neat contrivances to which modern war has introduced us, have been definitely condemned as below the belt; yet fowls have been virtually absorbed as part of the game in at any rate one country in the world, and anyone who believes that it will not be an equally "all-in" contest when next Mr. Mars blows the war-horn is the kind of creature who will believe that the moon is made of green cheese and that Mr. Swan and Mr. Edgar are in the same line of business as Mr. Salmon and Mr. Gluckstein or Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Devant.

* * *

So much is said and written and acted on the stage about this sex business in the more or less civilized countries of this world, but after reading some of what I think we can call the real, red, raw stuff I begin to wonder whether all those B. Ys. (Bright Young and *not* what it might be thought) know even one end of it. How about the adventures of Signora Marie Caviglioli, who was purloined from her bandit boy friend by another bandit (in Ajaccio) with whom apparently she was not even upon walking-out terms? We read in the despatches:

One day, during a quarrel, she seized a stiletto and stabbed him. Spada was able to deflect the weapon, and thus prevented a fatal wound. After this they separated, but Spada took revenge by maiming Marie's brother and killing the uncle and sister of her new lover.

I do not admire Spada's methods. It is

just like kicking a chair over which you may have barked your shins. But anyway there is something "to" this sort of thing—a bit of red corpuscle stuff—and it seems a lot more virile than a whole bunch of the things we get on the stage, the flickers, and in the Ambuscade, and other smart spots where this kind of thing is supposed to find its most up-to-date expression. What I mean is, that we never have the brake put on the sex stuff in London in the manner in which they do it in Ajaccio.

Five hundred warrants for their arrest have been issued. The little town of Ajaccio looks on in amazement at the armoured cars which rattle through its streets, and the gendarmes who go about with large police dogs. Gendarmes armed with machine-guns landed yesterday, and further reinforcements are expected shortly.

Now *that* is something like!

* * *

In spite of all that has happened and is yet to happen to us in the way of free board and lodging (in Brixton or The Scrubs or somewhere) the signs of the budding hunting season continue to crowd upon us. I read a thrilling account of a terrific run by that celebrated pack of currant-jelliers, the Taunton Vale Harriers, all through the streets of Taunton with a kill in the open in a garden in Lambrook Road. They ran a great burst in and out of back gardens for twenty minutes, and the local recorder ends up his vivid account of things by saying:

The huntsman robbed the bounds of their prey and killed the hare, cutting off its feet and laying the body on the ground. The harriers, observing the old custom, danced around the body and uttered the death cry, while the Lady Master blew several times on the huntsman's horn.

All this absolutely makes the heart stand still.



O'Brien

WITH THE LIMERICK HOUNDS

Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald, Lady Muskerry, and Mr. Desmond FitzGerald, a son of the Knight of Glin (Mr. D. F. L. FitzGerald), who married the late Lady Rachel Wyndham-Quin, a daughter of the late Lord Dunraven. These hounds met at Adare Manor the day this picture was taken

The Man who **COUGHED** at the Chess Tournament...



KENSITAS would have saved him!

Be careful in your choice of cigarettes! Choose KENSITAS—the only cigarette in the United Kingdom that offers the throat protection of that exclusive Private Process which includes the use of modern Ultra-Violet Rays—the process that expels certain biting, harsh irritants naturally present in every tobacco leaf. KENSITAS offers the finest, choicest, real Virginia tobacco, plus throat protection. No wonder 1004 British Doctors have stated KENSITAS to be less irritating. No wonder KENSITAS are always kind to your throat.

“With **Ultra-Violet** Rays”

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING

WEDDINGS AND



MISS ENID SHERRING

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sherring of East Sheen, who is to be married to Mr. Edward Higgs, the well-known Davis Cup player, on December 10

Clifton Brown in London. And in the same month Mr. Basil Graham Burnett Hall, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, and Miss Kathleen Ruth Wilson of 6, Vicarage Gate, London, W., are being married.

In 1932.

Some time in January, Captain Wilmot Peregrine S Maitland Russell, M.C., late the Gordon Highlanders, the third son of the late Captain Theodosius Stuart Russell, D.L., Chief Constable of the West Riding of Yorkshire, is marrying Miss Amy Moncrieff Penney, the daughter of Mr. Scott Moncrieff Penney, Advocate, of 14, Magdala Crescent, Edinburgh, late Sheriff-Substitute of Argyll.

Next Month.

On December 3, Mr. P. J. Plasket Thomas and Miss Helen M. Fraser are being married in Edinburgh; Mr. Bayly and Miss M. M. Ruck are being married on the 10th at St. Mary's, Bathwick, Bath; the 15th is the date fixed for the wedding of Commander Ivan B. Colvin, Royal Navy, and Miss Joy Arbuthnot, which will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; on the 22nd, Mr. Hylton Hylton-Foster, marries Miss Audrey



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. BASSET

Photographed after their marriage on October 31 at Brompton Parish Church. The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Basset was formerly the Hon. Elizabeth Legge, and is Lord and Lady Lewisham's second daughter

ENGAGEMENTS

Recently Engaged.

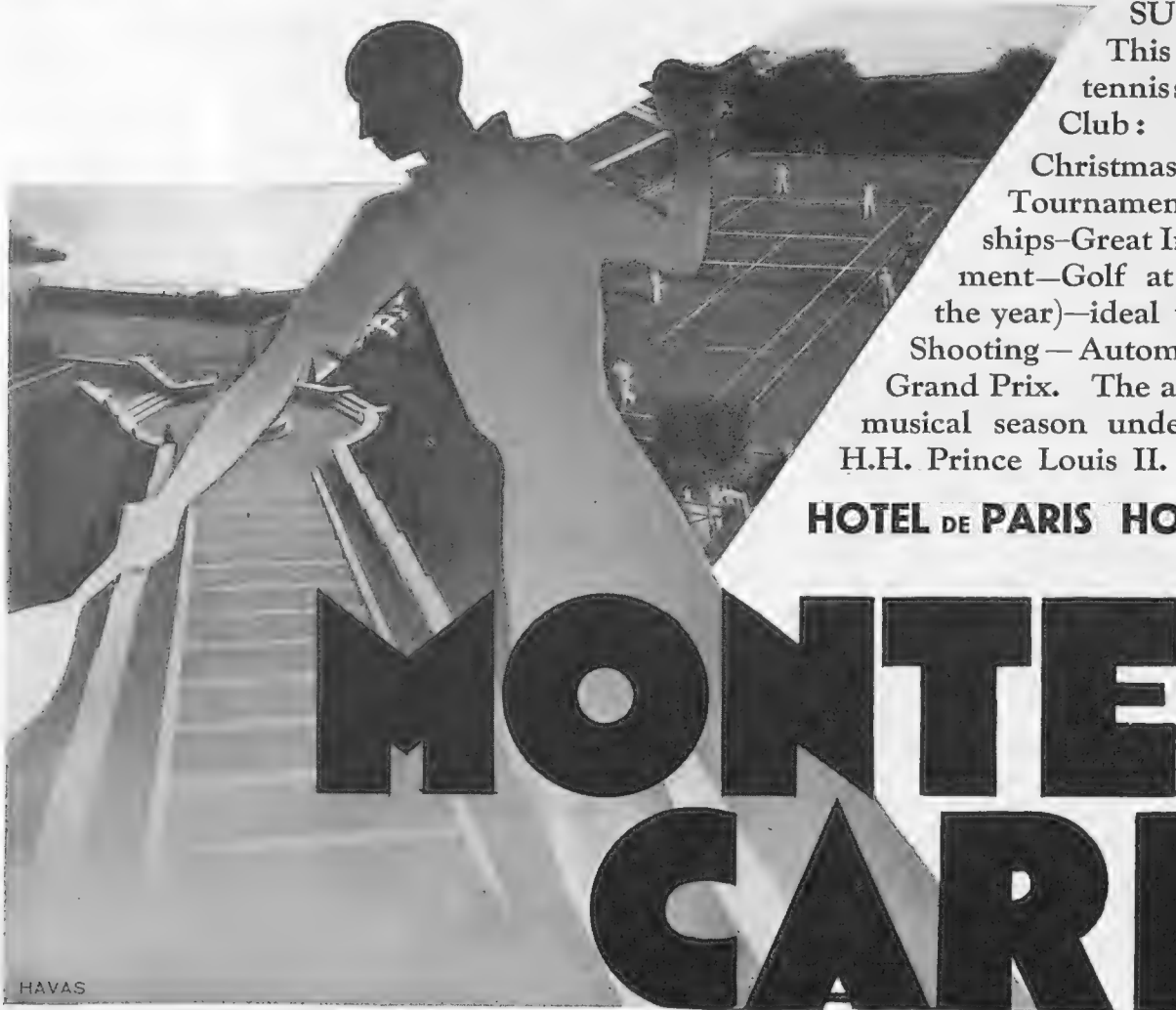
Major Cecil K. Hutchison, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hutchison, and Miss Joyce Wethered, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Newton Wethered; Mr. Richard Greynville Gilbert, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Humphrey Gilbert of Carisbrooke, Sidcup, Kent, and Miss Lois Elizabeth Mary Paterson, only daughter of the late Major Ian Paterson, and Mrs. Paterson of Ard Rhu, Onich, Inverness-shire; Mr. Henry Roy (Peter) Marsh, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marsh of The Vale, Edgbaston, and Miss Kathleen Marguerita Hill, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hill, of Richmond Hill, Edgbaston; Captain James Mervyn Oke, Royal Tank Corps, the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Oke of Bridlington, and Miss Vera Grace Lomer, the daughter of Major and Mrs. Lomer of Shapcott, Staines; Mr. Richard Rapier Stokes, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Philip Stokes, and Miss Elena (Nellie) Gahan, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Gahan of Navarro, Buenos Aires, and Eastbourne; Mr. Halford David Fellowes, Royal Marines, elder son of Major H. Le M. Fellowes, 47th Sikhs (retired), and Miss Angela Cammiade, only daughter of Mr. P. E. Cammiade, I.C.S. (retired).



Hal Linden

MRS. FREDDIE MacDONELL

Who was married recently in London to Mr. Frederick C. MacDonell of New York. She was formerly Miss Monna D'Elta



SUN, SUN !.....

This winter, international tennis season at the Country Club :

Christmas Cup—Squash Rackets Tournament—Club championships—Great International Tournament—Golf at Mt. Agel (open all the year)—ideal temperature—Pigeon Shooting—Automobile Rally—Speed Grand Prix. The artistic, theatrical and musical season under the patronage of H.H. Prince Louis II. of Monaco.

HOTEL DE PARIS HOTEL HERMITAGE

Information from Société des Bains de Mer. Service : T.A. Monte Carlo.

LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT



PARFUM

Festival

OF AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPTION
AND BLENDED WITH ONLY THE
RAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS
ESSENCES, THIS TENACIOUS
PERFUME EXHALES ITS PERFECTION
AFTER A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

HOUBIGANT

PARIS



Originality in Christmas Presents

In all London there is no place where you can be so sure of discovering original presents as at Breves' Lalique Galleries. Come and choose from these varied displays of Lalique Glass. See how easy it is to acquire unusual and beautiful gifts, and yet to avoid undue expenditure. A copy of "The Art of René Lalique," with catalogues illustrating Lalique Glass and Lalique Lights, will be sent post free for 1s. 6d. Orders dispatched to all parts of the world.

P R I C E S
ON TOP SHELF
 "RABBIT" Ash-tray in Opal - 17/6
 "LILY" Bowl 3 gns.
 "BIRD" Paper Weight - 35/-
ON SECOND SHELF
 Powder Box
 "DANCER" - 25/-
 "RANUNCULUS" Vase - 3 gns.
ON THIRD SHELF
 "LAUREL" Vase - 2½ gns.
 Bowl "VASES" 25/-

BREVES' Lalique GALLERIES

2, BASIL STREET, SLOANE STREET, S.W. 3
 (Lift to Galleries) Close to Knightsbridge Underground
 Telephone: Kensington 1928-7471

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

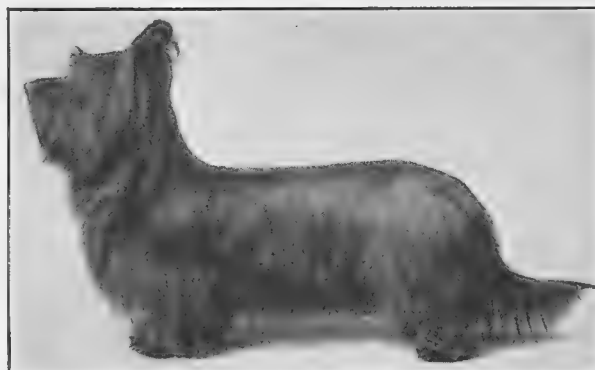
The Southern Cairn Terrier Club held a successful show on November 4. The judges were Lady Sophie Scott and Miss Trefusis. The special for the best dog in the show was won by Mrs. Dixon's good dog, Dermish of Gunthorpe. Among other members showing successfully were Baroness Burton, Mrs. Trimmer Thompson, Miss Reoch, Mrs. Clarke, and Miss Smallwood. There was a good entry of 132 dogs. The popularity of the Cairn terrier shows no signs of diminishing, as was shown by the interested spectators round the ring.

Nothing could be further removed from the Skye than the French bulldog. Not for him are "misty islands" or dim "sheilings"; a comfortable fireside and a nice clean walk in a park are what appeal to him. He is a true town-dweller, and one has no qualms as to his happiness. But so many of us live in towns nowadays that this is the greatest recommendation, added to which the French bulldog is a particularly human kind of dog and remarkably intelligent. Mrs. Sugden sends a picture of her lovely pair of sisters, Germaine and Gabrielle of Sylpho. Germaine was reserve to the "best of sex" at the K.C. Show; and Gabrielle was in the same position at the Club Show. Mrs. Sugden has several half brothers and sisters, very like them in type, three months old, for disposal. They will go very reasonably.



GERMAINE AND GABRIELLE OF SYLPHO
 The property of Mrs. Sugden

The Skye terrier—though perhaps not making the progress in Scotland he might—like his brother Scots is doing extremely well abroad and also in England. Both in Germany and France these terriers are very popular. The Skye has been unlucky in a way. He is a dog of strong character, very intelligent, sporting, especially fond of his own people, and rather stand-off to strangers. But Nature has given him a long coat and Art has assisted to make



CH. LUCKY HENRY
 The property of Miss Watson

it even longer, with the result that the Skye, naturally particularly manly, was looked upon as a "pet" dog who must not even get wet (shades of Skye!) for fear his coat suffered. But, with many other things, that phase is behind us and sensible treatment is now the lot of the Skye. Miss Watson is one of his staunchest supporters; she has owned many good dogs and, as she herself says, they have a lovely rough country life for six months in the year. The photograph is of Champion Lucky Henry, one of the best Skyes now before the public. Henry has won four certificates, and it can be seen what a true type of Skye he is. He was bred by his owner, who is naturally very proud of him.

The Irish wolfhound has made great progress during the last few years, and no wonder, as to a magnificent appearance he adds great charm of character, good temper, and a whole-souled devotion to one person, always an attractive characteristic. Contrary to what one would expect, these very large dogs have not got correspondingly large appetites, and are no trouble to keep when once extreme youth is past. Also they do not take up much space, as they can curl up into a small compass and are not restless in the house, like the more exuberant terrier. Miss Dawson still has one or two pups for disposal aged nine months, so are practically over puppy troubles, strong, healthy, and typical. She is anxious to get homes for them before the winter, so would let them go cheap.

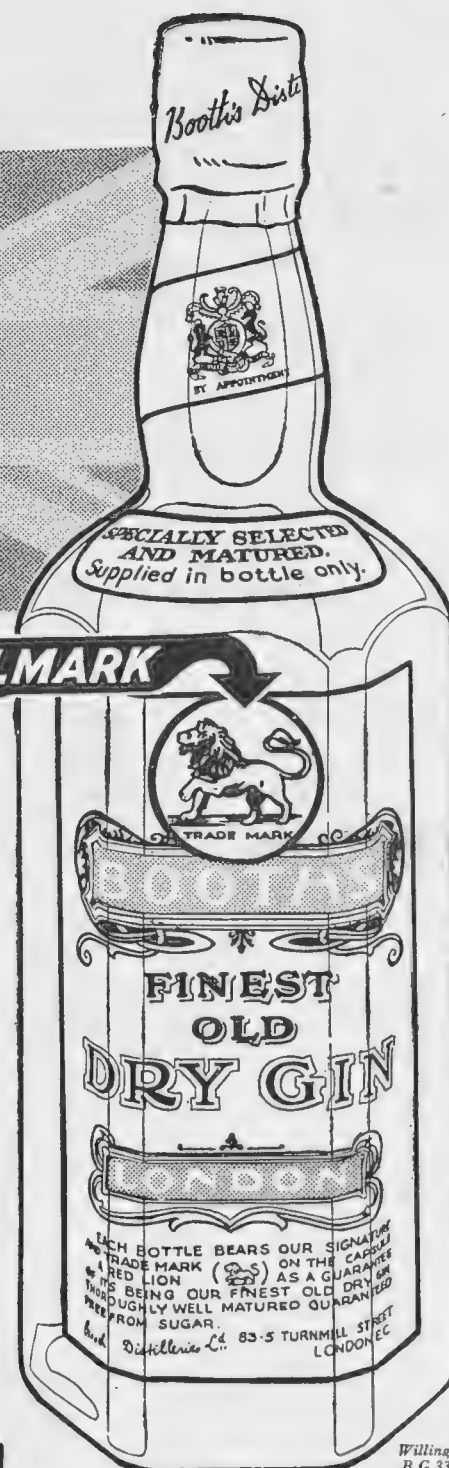
Letters to MISS BRUCE, "Nuthooks," Cadnam, Southampton.



IRISH WOLF HOUND PUPS
 The property of Miss Dawson

BOOTH'S DRY

The *ONLY* matured
GIN



LOOK FOR THE BRITISH HALLMARK

See the lion on the Booth's Dry bottle and you know that you buy British. You'll know too that you are buying the only matured gin and therefore the

- BEST FOR HEALTH
- BEST FOR APPETISERS
- BEST FOR NIGHTCAPS

(It puts you right—overnight)



BUY BOOTH'S GIN AND YOU BUY BRITISH

Says SIMON
THE CELLARMAN

Willing
B.G.33

Sleep under this BLANKET



and keep

► **WARM** . . in winter
► **COOL** . . in summer

Restful, tranquil sleep every night of the year. Extra warmth on cold winter nights — cool, refreshing sleep in the sultry heat of summer.

Lan-air-cel — the cellular blanket. Feather-light — and *magically warm! Magically cool!* Woven in a pattern of small cells that hold countless small pockets of air. Adjusting itself to *every change in the temperature.*

Made in Scotland of pure new wool, satin-bound or with whipped ends. In Cream and 9 exquisite pastel shades to tone with any bedroom colour-scheme. At all good stores.

Write for booklet "Healthier Sleep" (post free) and for the name of your nearest retailer, to McCallum & Craigie Ltd., Shettleston, Glasgow, E.2, or 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.

LAN-AIR-CEL

REGD.

CELLULAR BLANKET

CHOSEN BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK

INVENTED 100,000,000 B.C. Mother Nature hit on the idea of the air-cell as a protective covering aeons ago when she invented fur and feathers which catch and hold countless small pockets of air. Since air is a non-conductor of both heat and cold, Nature's covering keeps animals and birds "warm in winter and cool in summer."

In making Lan-air-cel, we have used Nature's artifice and woven a cellular blanket for your greater bodily comfort and repose every night of the year.

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

A Fashionable "La Naturelle."

Sophisticated simplicity is the characteristic feature of the fashionable coiffure and, as a consequence, every day it becomes more difficult for women to "dress their own hair," and another thing to be remembered



"LA NATURELLE"
TRANSFORMATION

An important feature of which is the arrangement of the curls. At the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road

is that it is not always possible to visit a hair-dresser when one wants to be looking one's best. The only way to ensure being perfectly *soignée* is to visit the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, and let him specially create a "La Naturelle" head-dress; it will be made of naturally wavy and curly hair. It must also be mentioned that it would be made in M. Georges' own workrooms by English men and women. In many of the coiffures waves and curls are seen in happy unison. This combination may be achieved with the client's own hair by the aid of this firm's special method of permanent waving and curling. As Christmas is within measurable distance it must be related that there is an interesting collection of glass animals and occupants of the aquarium, to say nothing of lovely flowers and miniature trees.

* *

Modern Art Candles.

Candlelight is associated in the mind with the past, when life was less strenuous and romance more easily called into being. But the march of progress, the wonderful discoveries of science, have not killed the candle, and its popularity steadily grows. It is appreciated for the soft, mellow light it gives, which is specially appropriate for the dining-room table. Venetian candles, made in many colours and several lengths, are shown in the photograph. Wherever a bright light is not required candlelight is welcome. The art candle has a decorative use too. Colour schemes are found everywhere to-day, and the beautiful hangings and wallpapers which can be obtained make the adornment of the home an achievement within the reach of everyone. Many very attractive forms are included in the range of decorative candles, and one can be found to suit almost any situation. A new candle, now frequently seen, is the Bedouin. It tells a story of Eastern life, and the blending of the full, rich colours on the surface of the candle makes a striking background to the mounted figure moving slowly through the "picture."

A Correction.

It is to be regretted that an error occurred in our issue of November 4. It should have been stated that the Aquascutum Featherweight Coat weighed 24 oz. and not 4 oz., and the price should have been £3 3s., not £3.



PRICE'S VENETIAN CANDLES

Are noted for their brilliance, their resistance to fading, and their soft, mellow, and clear light



Exclusive... "4711"

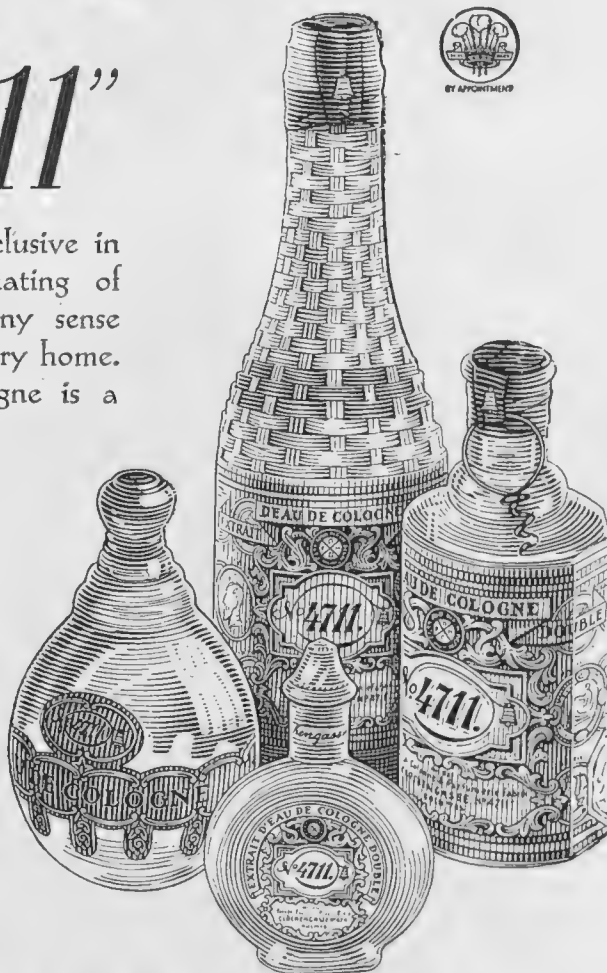
"4711," this exquisite and genuine Eau de Cologne is exclusive in that its refreshing fragrance pleases the most discriminating of fashionable women, it is luxurious without being in any sense a luxury, for it has become an indispensable Toiletry in every home. Used in the bath or wash-basin, "4711" Eau de Cologne is a bracing tonic to skin and nerves, a few drops on the handkerchief will create a delicate atmosphere of lasting freshness, if applied to the forehead and behind the ears this cooling fragrance will relieve headache and revive flagging energy.

Other exquisite "4711" Eau de Cologne Toiletries—Vanishing Cream, Face Powder, Bath and Talcum Powders, Soaps, Bath Salts, etc., are included in the complete range of "4711" Beauty Aids and all are distinguished by the familiar label of Blue and Gold.

"4711" Eau de Cologne.
In convenient sizes for every purpose
and a wide range of prices including
2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 15/6 and 36/-

"4711" Eau de Cologne
In wicker covered bottles at 7/6, 14/-,
27/6 and 52/6

"4711" Eau de Cologne
In pear shaped bottle with nickel
screw cap - - - - 10/6



Genuine

Eau de

Cologne

Blue & Gold Label

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £6 to give temporary help to an old lady, aged seventy-seven, who has had a peculiarly sad life, and is now in great anxiety and distress. She is a widow whose only son fought throughout the War and was discharged in 1918 a nervous wreck. His mother nursed him devotedly until he died in a mental hospital from tuberculosis. She was in receipt of a pension as long as he lived, but through a technicality she has not been eligible for further help, and has been dependent on her old age pension of 10s. weekly. Increasing age and bad rheumatism have prevented her from working, and she is dependent on two nieces, whose earnings are very meagre and whose tiny flat is only suited to two people. They have housed her since her son died in their own sitting-room, and have most cheerfully helped and cared for her, but she is becoming too much of a burden. There is every hope of her getting a small pension in about three or four months, which will augment her old age pension and enable her to move into a room of her own and become independent of her nieces. In the meantime, the Friends of the Poor want to give her 10s. a week.

The British Sportsmen's Show is a novel form of cinematograph entertainment which has been arranged for the special interest of sportsmen and sportswomen all over Great Britain. The programme is well worth seeing as it embraces all branches of sport including golf, lawn-tennis, cricket, hockey, lacrosse, running, rugby, horse-racing, jumping, trotting, polo, winter sports, motor-racing, greyhound racing, swimming, yachting, flying—to mention but a few of the subjects—many of which are shown in slow motion. The British Sportsmen's Show, which will be produced in cinema theatres and public halls in the principal cities and towns throughout the land, has been organized by Mr. Basil Johnson with the assistance of well-known sportsmen, in order to raise funds for Dr. Barnardo's Homes, where over 8,000 destitute children are being cared for.




BOURNEMOUTH FOR BRIGHTNESS—AND BONHOMIE

Even when the storm fiend runs amok as he has been doing—bad cess to him—of late, this sunny spot on Poole Bay is one of the pleasantest, winter or summer. With this Buy British boom now in full blast, Bournemouth is the oyster for the good patriot

The British Porcelain Ball is to be held on November 24 at Claridge's in the new ball-room, and is in aid of The National Birthday Trust Fund (for the Extension of Maternity Services). Argentina, the famous Spanish dancer, is coming to this country to appear exclusively at this ball, and a Porcelain Ballet is being arranged by the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, produced and directed by Mr. Max Rivers. The following famous British porcelain firms have asked the committee to present on their behalf over £1,000 in gifts and prizes: Cauldon, Coalport, Copeland and Sons, Crown Derby, Doulton's, Minton's, Royal Worcester, Josiah Wedgwood and Son. Every supper table will be decorated with distinctive porcelain, specially loaned for the occasion by these firms. Howard Jacobs and his famous (Savoy Hotel Orpheans) band will play. Tickets, which are £2 10s. and include a very valuable gift and the chance of winning a 20-guinea china set, champagne supper, and running buffet, may be obtained from the Chairman, Claridge's Hotel, the Savoy Hotel, and the Berkeley Hotel, and from the Ball Secretary, Margaret Maclean, Byron House, 7, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

Special arrangements are being made this winter by the R.A.C. to assist members who are proposing to go to Scotland for winter sports. The club is co-operating with the Scottish Travel Association and the Scottish Ski Club. A list of the best centres and the various sports that may be enjoyed at each—ski-ing, skating, tobogganing, curling, etc.—is being compiled and copies of this, with details of hotel accommodation, will be available when the season opens. Elaborate arrangements are being made by the Scottish Travel Association and by local committees to ensure that visitors shall be able to enjoy the sports under the best possible conditions. Sports equipment, skis, sledges will be on hire, and bob sledge runs are being prepared. The hotels are arranging dances and other amusements. Charges are being kept down to four to five guineas a week for the hotels, and three guineas for boarding houses.

The photographs of Leopardstown races on p. 278 of this issue should have been acknowledged to Vyvyan Poole of Waterford.



GOOD GIN

...GOOD DRINK
(may be long...
may be short)

Any drink, for that matter, that really makes one smile again needs a nice spot of gin in it. Tastes may differ as to the size, colour and make-up of the ideal drink, but it would be one of the gloomier days if we lost sight of that ideal. Forget gloom, forget cares, remember Holloway's Dry London, double distilled and crystal clear always.

HOLLOWAY'S

GIN always

HOLLOWAY'S GIN DISTILLERY CO. MONKTON ST., KENNINGTON, LONDON.S.E.

The London Shoe Co.

Ltd.

C.4769
Brown willow calf Oxford shoe trimmed brown crocodile. Also in black box calf and crocodile. **38/6**

C.4771
Brown willow calf Oxford shoe with tab in brown crocodile. Also in black box calf. **30/-**




THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY, LIMITED.
116 & 117 NEW BOND ST., W.1. 21 & 22 SLOANE ST., S.W.1. 260 264 REGENT ST., W.1

Now You Can Whiten Teeth—a Shade a Day



Remove Yellow and Stain, Prevent Decay This New Way . . . Teeth Whiten 3 Shades in 3 Days

A NEW and different way of making teeth gleaming white and keeping them sound has been discovered. It's a remarkable technique that removes the real cause of yellow, stain, decay and gum diseases—whitens teeth a shade a day—3 shades in 3 days. Hence it is now foolish to have teeth that embarrass.

Just do this: Morning and night, give your teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH with a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush.

Then note the day-to-day improvement. Very soon teeth look cleaner and whiter than for years. Gums feel firmer and look healthier. The mouth and breath are sweet and fresh. Here's the reason:

Kolynos is unique. It succeeds where ordinary preparations fail because it becomes an antiseptic FOAM the very moment it enters the mouth. This FOAM gets into and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice. It kills the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath, defying

ordinary tooth paste and cause 95% of all tooth and gum troubles—190 millions are killed in the first 15 seconds.

Gently, this exhilarating, antiseptic FOAM bathes the teeth and gums—erases tartar and the mucoid coating—stimulates the gums—purifies the oral cavity—CLEANS TEETH AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED, RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY!

Thus stain and ugly yellow are removed. Decay is prevented. Teeth are kept sound and gleaming white. And gums are safeguarded against insidious disease.

Try the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Start giving teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH morning and night. You'll be glad you did. Teeth will be whiter than ever. Gums firmer and healthier. The mouth tingling with a clean, fresh taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos from your Chemist to-day.

KOLYNOS

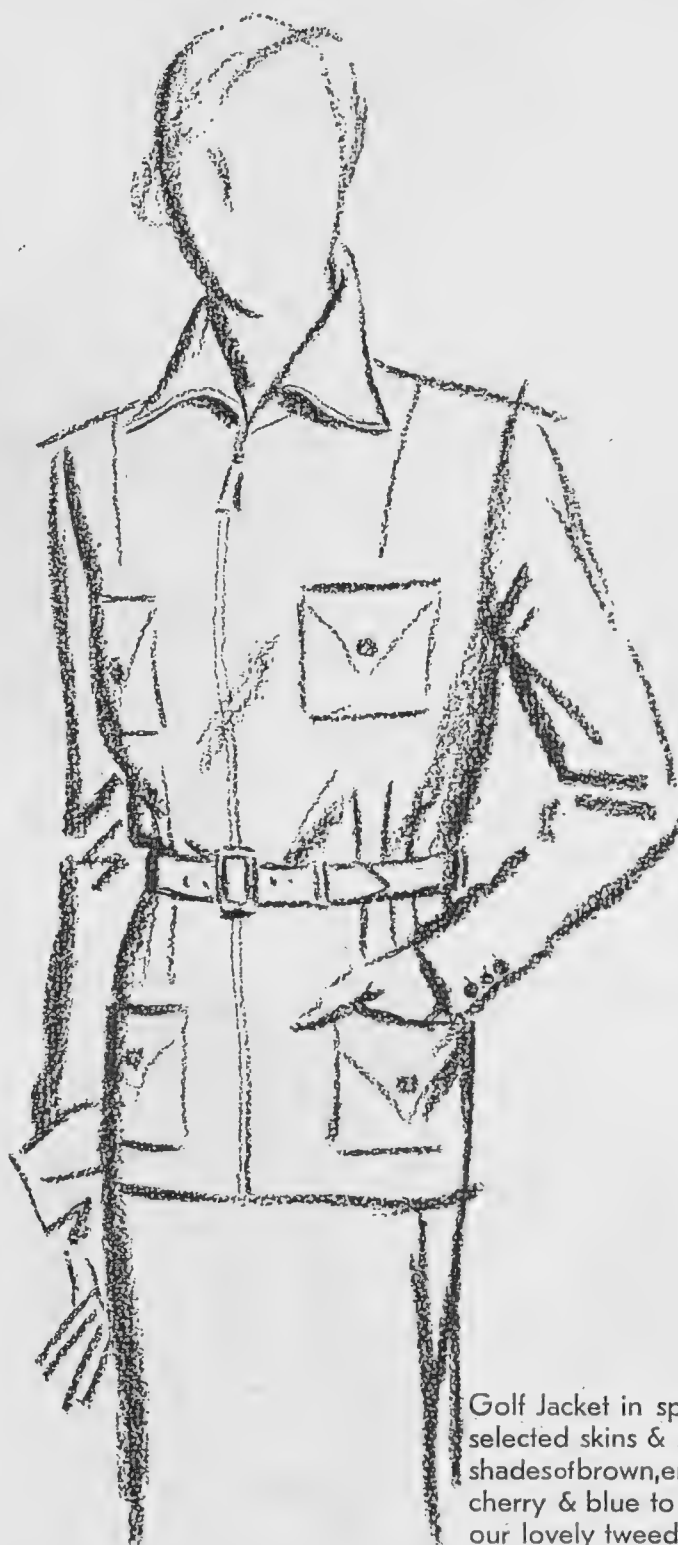
the antiseptic

DENTAL CREAM

MADE IN ENGLAND

LIQUID KOLYNOS

The antiseptic and delightfully refreshing mouth-wash, gargle, or spray (highly concentrated).
PRICE NOW 1/9 per flask—at all chemists.



Golf Jacket in specially selected skins & newest shades of brown, emerald, cherry & blue to match our lovely tweeds, 7 gns.

fortnum & mason

182 piccadilly

london w1

AIR EDDIES : OLIVER STEWART

By Air to the Cape.

MASCULINE critics have tried to belittle the part played by Miss Peggy Salaman in her flight with Mr. Gordon Store from England to Capetown in just over five days. It consoles them for the backwardness of men pilots in organizing such a flight and for the doubt that flight has cast upon the accuracy of their own judgment. When Commander Kidston and Mr. Cathcart Jones made their fine high-speed flight from England to Capetown it was stated, on the highest authority, that they used an American machine because no British machine capable of doing the journey in so short a time existed. Miss Salaman believed that the delicate and comfortable little British Puss Moth could do all that the large, clumsy, and heavily-loaded American machine could do; and she has been proved right.

Mr. Store performed one of the finest pieces of long-distance navigation and piloting that has been seen; but he was the first to deprecate the attempts to give all the credit to him. I do not know how long Miss Salaman actually flew the machine; it is of little importance. For it seems generally agreed that it was she and none other who first conceived the idea of the flight and who had the courage and the enthusiasm to carry it through to actuality.

"The Tatler" Scheme.

TATLER flying pupils continue to do well in many parts of the country. An outstanding case was that of Mr. D. Wilson, who learnt to fly at the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Aero Club. He had only five hours fifty-five minutes' dual before he went solo, and he took his "A" licence tests after a further four hours ten minutes. Since September last year the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Aero Club has trained twenty-two members for their licences, and the total flying time since January to the present date is 920 hours. The club has recently bought two Gipsy Moths from Phillips and Powis of Reading to replace the two Cirrus II Moths, and a third Moth is being converted to a Gipsy I machine.



THE RECORD-BREAKER:
MR. C. A. BUTLER

The small man in the small 'plane (a Comper Swift) who has beaten C. W. B. Scott's England to Australia flight by 102 mins. Purely as a feat of endurance this is a great performance; but it is a further grand tribute to British-built engines and 'planes

Air Service Training.

Air Service Training, Ltd., the flying school at Hamble which owes its origin to the fertile brain of Mr. J. D. Siddeley, is proving that there is a demand for the highest standards in flying technique. Amateur pilots are beginning to feel that it is worth their while to include blind night-flying and aerobatics among their accomplishments, and that a full knowledge of ground-work is also of value, and its acquirement interesting.

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce is now going through the blind flying course under Flight-Lieutenant Jenkins at Hamble, and I hear that Lady Bailey is to go through it as well. The school offers parents a means of giving their sons a profession which is among the few of which it may to-day be said with confidence that, as time passes, will offer more and more and better and better appointments.

When I visited Hamble the other day, and Group Captain Barton showed me over the school, I was impressed by the evidence of original thought which had been expended upon each stage of the training. The methods were not just copied because they had proved good enough at some other school; they were developed in the light of experience, and carefully modified so that they fitted in with Group Captain Barton's avowed aim of providing a more comprehensive training scheme than can be had at any other place in the world.

British Air Transport.

The days when taxi-flying was regarded as a kind of odd job which anyone with any machine could do when he had an hour or two to spare are over, and now the best machines and the best pilots backed up by the best organizations are needed for this work. British Air Transport, Ltd., of Croydon, has specialized in taxi-flying and is establishing it on a firm basis of experience and sound equipment. The firm now possesses five aircraft of various powers from a Klemm upwards, including two Puss Moths.

Mr. A. C. Loraine is the Assistant Managing Director of this firm, and Mr. V. R. Dulhunty is the General Manager. The offices are in the main booking hall at Croydon, and machines and pilots are held available at all times.

Always
with your
COFFEE

A pedigree liqueur, this. A thing of subtle charm and caressing comfort. Something with which the most perfect coffee ever made may well be proud to associate. Bols Kummel. First made by Lucas Bols, the master, in 1575.



BOLS KÜMMEL

Try also: Dry Curaçao.
Crème de Menthe.
White Curacao Triple
Sec. Cherry Brandy.
Silver Top Dry Gin.
Maraschino.

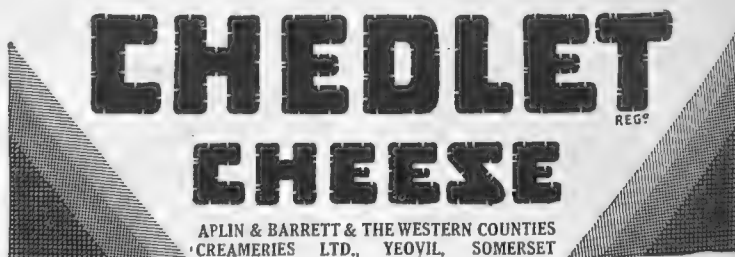
Wholesale Agents: BROWN, GORE & WELCH, LTD.,

CORN EXCHANGE CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.3



A COMPLIMENT to the TABLE

Chedlet is a British piece is fresh when Cheese, delicious and required. There is no economical for the table. dry crumbling as in It is untouched by hand ordinary cheese. It and the hygienic wrap- has a refined Cheddar ping ensures that each flavour.



Miss Mercia Swinburne

now playing a leading part in "Make Up Your Mind" at the Criterion Theatre, writes:—

"THE excitement of a new comedy drama like 'Make up your Mind' is shared by the actors as well as the audience. The adventures and the thrills of the heroine's part, night after night, are enough to tax the nerves of the most redoubtable person. This is where Phosferine helps me. It is a great thing to be able to rely on its soothing effect, and feel that it will help me to keep fit throughout the most strenuous of performances."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREAT ALL BRITISH TONIC FOR

Influenza
Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Weak Digestion
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain Fag
Anæmia

Nerve Shock
Malaria
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.



The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take SANACINE Brand Cough Mixture—The most effective Remedy for Colds and Coughs (a Phosferine Product). Tablets and Liquid 1/3 and 3/-.

Aldwych

BABY'S ONLY FOOD FROM BIRTH TO 2½ YEARS



Name:
ESME HILDA TAYLOR
Born:
27th August, 1928
Photo Taken:
10th May, 1931
Age:
2 years, 8½ months
Weight:
33 lbs.
Height:
3 ft. 1 inch

ROSARIO,
18th May, 1931
To Messrs. Cow & Gate, Ltd.
Guildford, ENGLAND.

Dear Sirs,
Until two months ago Baby has been existing only on Cow & Gate milk, as she refused to take any solid food. Everyone told me she ought to be eating other food, but *evidently* what she *did* have made up for it, and everyone remarked how bonny she was and what strong bones and muscles she had. We would not be without it for worlds and thoroughly recommend it to all our friends.
She still has three breakfast-cups a day—one on getting up in the morning, one at siesta time and one on going to bed—and thoroughly enjoys it and has never had one minute's discomfort, even during our extremely hot summer days. She is very intelligent and bright.
I remain, Yours very truly, Hilda J. Taylor



COW & GATE MILK FOOD

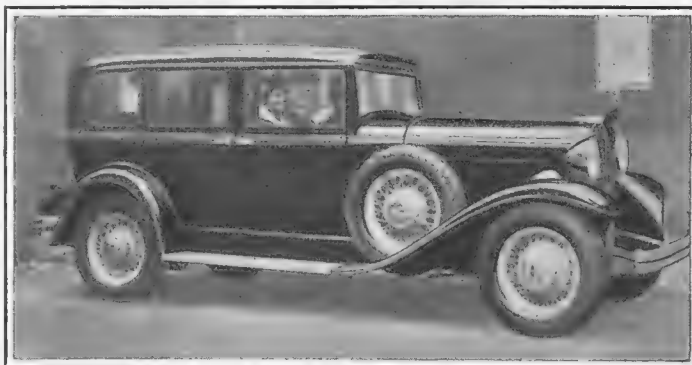
"Cows' milk made safe and suitable for baby"

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 296

girls are as fond of motoring for motoring's sake as ever they were; so into the trusty Armstrong they shoved the picnic apparatus so as to make themselves independent of *me*. Well, the locale was not what you may call ideally picnicky. Long-suffering as she is, Mrs. P. V. insisted upon getting a little farther out into the adjoining country, for she objected to the smell of oil that oozed from the neighbouring factory. I was told that half-a-mile down the road there was quite a charming spot, and thither I took her little party, afterwards hurrying off, by foot, to keep my own strictly business date. Merely by chance I mentioned to my strictly business host what I had done, thereby entirely ruining my own lunch (for all the way through it I was nigh trembling with apprehension), for his observation was simply this: "By gum, you've planted 'em right alongside our new sewage farm!" 'Twas even so, and I returned in dreadful trepidation, but only to be greeted by the sweetest of smiles. It had all been so interesting; the view over the "marshes" had been charming (as indeed it was) and the place was alive with birds—plover, snipe, duck, seagulls, larks, and lots of smaller sorts, all filling the ambient air with activity and song. A glance at a distant factory chimney assured me that, for just once in a way, a wholly unintentional finesse had come off. The tail-end of a south-westerly gale had held obediently to its course, so that Mrs. P. V. and the girls never knew (until we were safely away from this dangerous place) that my carefully selected pic-nic might have appealed to more senses than two. Must have a lil bit o' luck sometimes!

A Tip.

Now that the really truly narky norrible weather has arrived, and for a healthy blow in the car you don't want to go too far afield, I can give you the useful hint that the famous Hautboy at Ockham has just recently come into the possession of Mrs. Bridges, whose previous connection with the Frensham Pond Hotel and the White Lion at Cobham is so well known to those whose vein of motoring lies near the Portsmouth road.



MISS ANNIE CROFT

Who has been making a distinct success on tour with her production of "The Chocolate Soldier," at the wheel of the latest Willys Knight Sleeve Valve "6."

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

How Miss Peggy Salaman's record flight in the famous British light aeroplane, the De Havilland Puss Moth, from England to Cape Town was made possible by the efficiency of the petrol distribution system, even in the wilds of Africa, is revealed by a letter from her to a friend in which she says: "Shell Petrol and Aeroshell were both in readiness all down the route and kept our engine running perfectly the whole way from London to the Cape. I feel that Shell products and service helped greatly towards our success."

Miss Peggy Salaman and Mr. Gordon Store chose K.L.G. Plugs for their record-breaking flight from England to Cape Town in a Gipsy engined De Havilland Puss Moth, as did Mr. C. A. Butler on his flight to Australia in a Comper Swift.

The Automobile Association understands that there has recently been a substantial increase in the number of thefts from cars. The missing property includes suit-cases, wireless sets, rugs, clothing, sports gear, etc., and in one case a bag and contents valued at £500 was stolen. This class of theft is throwing a great deal of unnecessary work upon the police authorities, quite apart from the loss to the owners concerned, and recovery of the stolen property is an extremely difficult matter. These thefts have taken place from official as well as unofficial car parks, and in view of what is happening the A.A. strongly advises all motorists when leaving their cars unattended to remove any portable articles of value.

A Correction.

In an advertisement of Lillywhite's, in our issue dated November 11, it was erroneously stated that the blouse suit was made of nappa and tweed. It should have been suède and tweed.

**1932 RANGE:**

12 h.p. from £260-£335 15 h.p. from £355-£465
20 h.p. from £495-£775 30 h.p. - - £1,250

(ex works)

Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass fitted as standard.

THE conspicuous success of Armstrong Siddeley cars is due to the determination of the discerning British public to have the very best obtainable at a modest cost.

The 1932 models challenge comparison with anything in, or near, their price. Over and above their Aircraft quality of construction, they have distinctive features—the most important being the self-changing gear—which place them in a class by themselves. "You cannot buy a better car."

**ARMSTRONG
SIDDELEY**
WITH
SELF-CHANGING GEAR

Write for Catalogue B, 162.
ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.
Manchester: 35 King Street West. Agents in all centres

Take a
Plus one
with you



Never be without the pump whose single stroke is worth two! The Kismet Duplex is "supercharged"; its **double action** enables you to inflate your tyres in half the time and without the slightest fatigue.

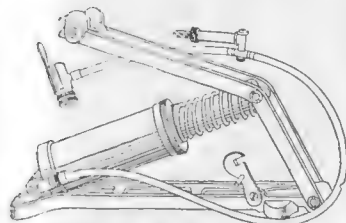
"MASTER" MODEL, 58/6
As illustrated with the new non-oscillating tyre pressure gauge — unconditionally guaranteed.

"JUNIOR" MODEL, 40/-
Push-on connection, pressure gauge — unconditionally guaranteed.

Also an excellent single-action pump, the Kismet "Popular," 21 -

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THE PLUS TYRE PUMP

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The "Kismet."—The only scientific instrument for the accurate recording of tyre pressures. Flat reading surface. Three models all one price. In neat leather wallet.

Price - - - **6/9**

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EXPERIENCE

Tens of thousands of happy owners found their first real motoring joy in the reliable sturdy Singer "Ten."

Year after year it has been improved, and to-day it represents the greatest possible motoring value.

The four-cylinder engine delivers surprising power, which, with the "Hi-lo" four-speed gearbox and silent third, provides most spirited and lively acceleration and as much speed as you need.

It handles with ease the heaviest family load, literally flies up hills, and the exceptionally powerful brakes give you the consciousness of perfect control at all speeds.

The four-door sliding-roof saloon is genuine coachbuilt type, and carries four 6-ft. people in perfect comfort on the smooth, deep-slung suspension.

The 1932 Models are yielding increased horsepower, yet their petrol consumption is definitely reduced.

If you will take your family to our nearest dealer for the joy of a trial run, we feel certain you will say: "This is the car for which I have been looking."

And—the initial and running costs will suit your pocket.

Meanwhile, may we send you a catalogue outlining its many attractive features?

BETTER THAN EVER

The 1932 Ten is giving increased horsepower on a lower petrol consumption.

Chassis and coachwork embody many improvements.

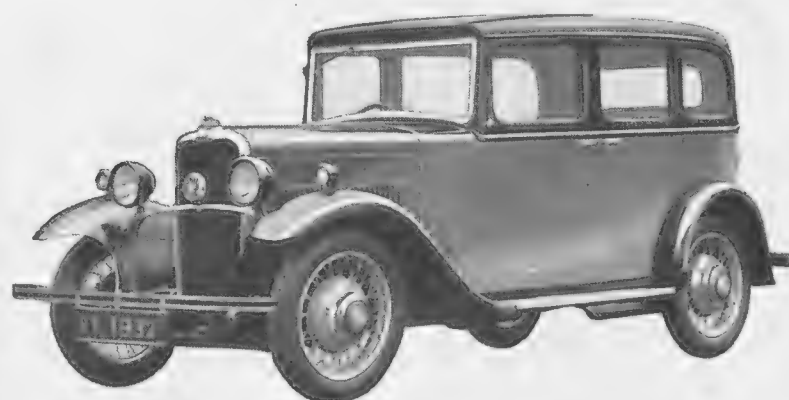
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Exceptionally powerful brakes, and the most luxurious equipment.



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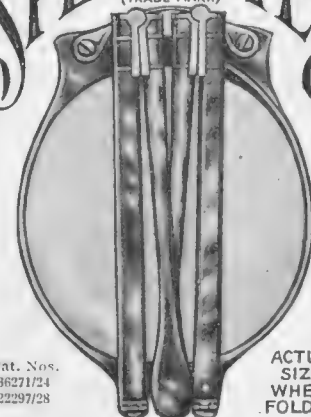


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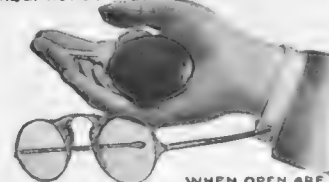


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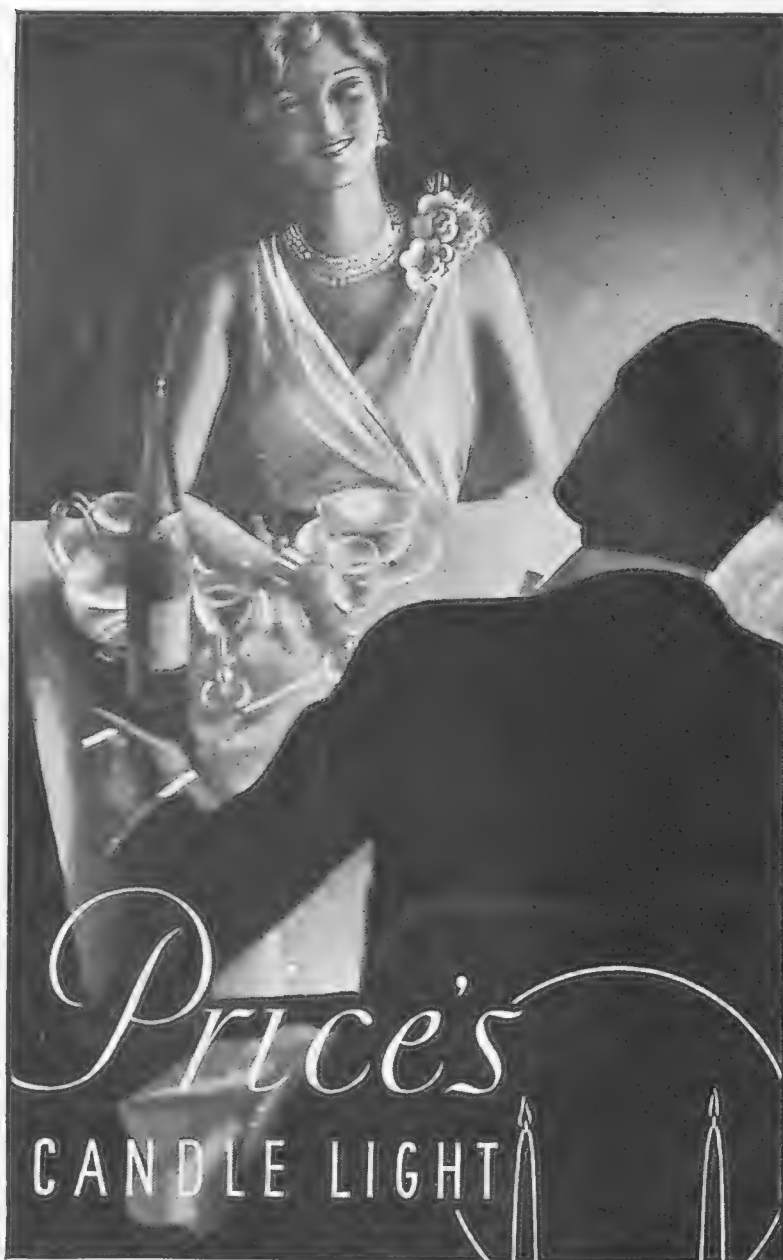


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"I should have said this to my hostess if I had dared: 'What a clever woman you are. You knew that we men were coming to your table weary from a day in the City, that being Englishmen our conversational powers were limited, that under our hard modern pose we are all rather sentimental And so you had candles for us (blue candles, I remember, to match your dress). In that soft lustre we were quite talkative. We all forgot the workaday world, and did you notice how we gazed at you? I swear you had never looked more lovely.'"



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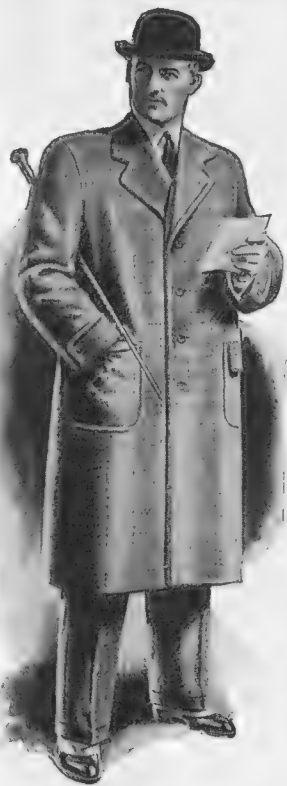
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Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

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The coat that is equally suitable for town or formal country wear required careful thought in designing. As such, the Chester commands the attention of all professional and business men desiring a coat that is unquestionably "right" for their respective needs. Materials which suggest themselves include twill and herringbone Saxonomies, also Cheviots in the new Marcella weave.

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Ready-to-wear or made to measure.

From 5 to 8 Gns.



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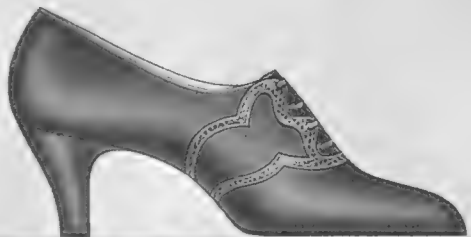
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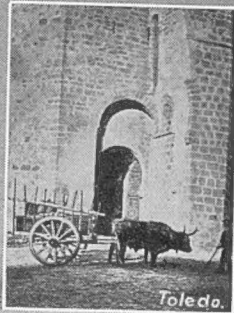
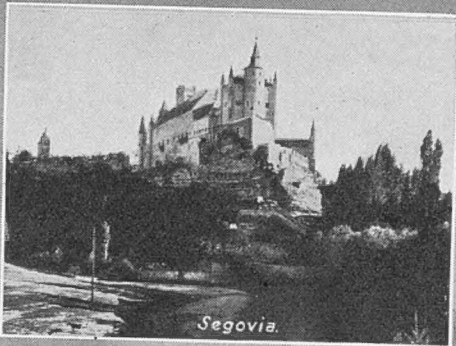
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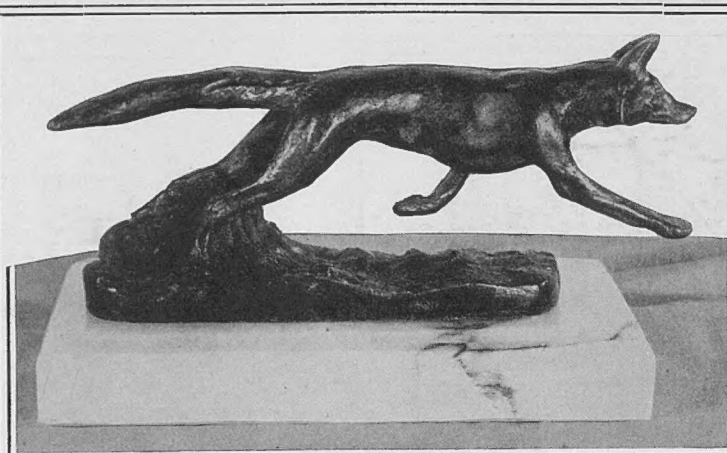
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Bronze by
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Price **6½ gns.**; on plain marble plinth, **6 gns.**

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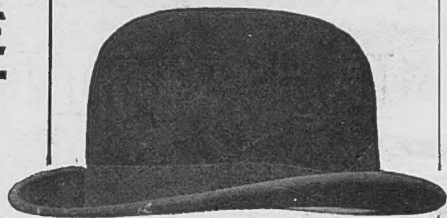
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